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Volume CLXXXIV No. 2403 The SPHERE, London, February 9, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

INSTALLING THE FIRST SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS—HR. TRYGVE LIE SHAKES HANDS WITH M. VYSHINSKY AFTER BEING SWORN IN BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY: Between them stands Mr. Gladwyn Jebb, U.N.O.'s Executive Secretary, who now returns to the Foreign Office

Last week the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted with enthusiasm the Security Council's nomination of Hr. Trygve Lie, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, as the first Secretary-General of the United Nations, forty-six out of forty-nine delegates present voting in favour of the appointment. On Saturday Hr. Lie was formally installed in office, taking the solemn oath of allegiance, and afterwards receiving the congratulations of his colleagues. Speaking for the last time from the rostrum, Hr. Lie delivered an address in English. "It is naturally with deep emotion," he said, "that I leave the service of my country and my King and enter the service of the international community as a whole. I am the servant of you all. You can count upon my impartial approach to all your problems. It will be my duty always to act as a true international officer, inspired by the same lofty idea of international co-operation which prompted our great leaders of the last war to take the initiative in the creation of the United Nations." Hr. Lie, who was Foreign Minister in the exiled Norwegian Government in London during the war years, and continued in office after the German defeat, has established for himself a first-class European reputation, and his appointment is known to be welcomed on all sides

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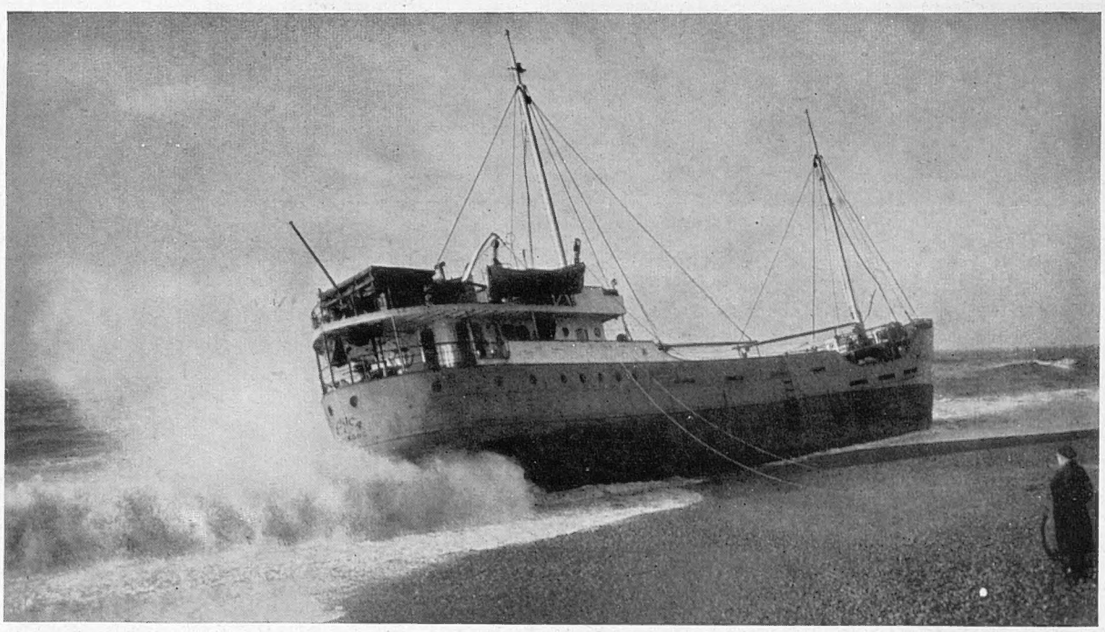
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

U.N.O. Compromises?—None ever doubted that the Persian question would be the first serious test of the U.N. Organisation. The argument that it should be shelved as long as possible while the Organisation found its feet was countered by the argument that it could only find its feet by boldly facing and coming through just such a test. For the test was baldly this: Is the voice of the small nation to be heard, or is the voice and the veto of the Big or Power Nation to drown it at will? Britain (herself a party to the next test case) and America fought consistently for open discussion of the Persian case in the Assembly. Russia (a party) strongly opposed it. Britain and America have all along strongly opposed the introduction of face-saving formulæ and have urged the free airing of all grievances of big or small nations in the Assembly. And in this first test case, Russia's voice and veto carried the day and the "faces" of Russia and of the U.N.O. and of those who upheld its vital principles, have been saved by a formula. That formula may be clever, may satisfy some of the disputants, may keep the flame of the newly-lit lamp alight, but it is none the less a formula, a face-saving formula; and as such it is a setback for U.N.O. And I don't see how any honest man can dismiss the decision as other than that. Russia has got what she wanted, and the Powers most concerned to keep Russia sweet did not oppose Russia's proposal. Britain and America lost the first round in the fight for the letter and spirit of the new Charter as an instrument for the peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, big or small, on terms of equality, in open court, on the facts of the case, on principles of justice secured by evidence given without fear or favour. Lobbying has blown in. Power politics are not outlawed. It is a depressing thought.

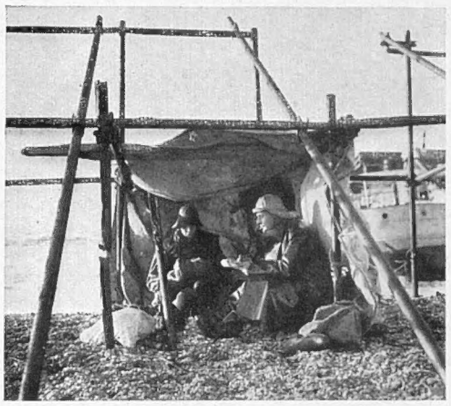
Hard Words.—The idea that hard words break no bones is not, in my view, one which should obtain among the United Nations. Hard words there are in plenty, and there is colour for the idea that they break no bones. We read in footnotes or between the lines that the Russian and British protagonists joke and slap each other on the back between bouts of fierce and bitter slanging. Russia got her way over Persia, and I make no doubt Britain will be whitewashed, even by the timorous minority which watches for Stalin's nods, over her actions in Greece. That will make the game 15 all. But few of us like to think of it as a game, and few of us to-day subscribe to that easy notion that hard words mean nothing, and create no bitter aftermath. When words grow bitter enough to justify even the mention of the possibility (or impossibility) of *war* between Russia and Persia, or of Britain's actions in Greece leading to a breach of the peace in Europe, it must be clear to any reasonable man that hard words can still break bones; and that the friendly relations between delegates in off-hours should discipline their arguments when in conclave. Restraint is vital, if only for one reason—that a score of the delegations at Westminster are by no means free agents yet. Hard words and threats by a great Power can still frighten them and influence them in their votes. Unless restraint, patience and sweet reasonableness resume control in the conferences of the U.N., conditions will continue to deteriorate. In the last fortnight they *have* deteriorated, and one is justified in feeling anxious. Reasonableness and restraint are the only counters which can secure lasting or worth-while bargains

Secretary - General. — The only thing doubtful about the unanimously approved Secretary-General-of-the-United-Nations designate is the pronunciation of his name. From Truggy-Lee to Trigva-Lie, you may take your choice. In appearance, he is described as the Bevin type; in manner, he is more winning, and infinitely tactful. He seems to have the gift of universal popularity and trust, and his experience is admittedly immense. He has fallen into one of the most important posts in Christendom, perhaps the most important post ever created for a single individual. Yet its importance will largely depend on himself. More important than his President, he can by his own genius for organisation and diplomacy strengthen or weaken the instrument he both forges and wields. For such a job, the best man available is not too good; and £10,000 a year free of tax (worth what? A capital of £5,000,000 sterling?) is a modest salary enough. There were other candidates. He was not the first choice of Britain or China. But I make no doubt that he came nearest to the ideal of all the nations concerned.



AT THE MERCY OF THE SEAS: Waves breaking against the hull of the Swedish motor-ship, "Monica," after she had run ashore in a fog near Galloways coastguard station, Dungeness Point. The ship was severely battered by the gale, and when her crew of eleven abandoned her, they passed a stormy night in bivouac among the anti-invasion defence works on the beach

The Lean Years.—The pinch of austerity is being felt more and more and is beginning to pose the questions—burning questions—as to how many years must elapse before there can be a return to normal plenty; and whether, in the interests of humanity at large, there is any practical good in enforcing an unnatural austerity on that portion of the world which might already improve its standard of life. Why, it is argued, continue to weaken the energy of those who might, if themselves were fit, help to succour the less fortunate? The argument, of course, is suspect as casuistry. As to the first question, all evidence suggests that the lean years are not yet half over. The food experts suggest that three harvests at least must come and go before Europe can get the food it needs. Man-power and communications, both vital parts of the solution, can expect no swifter return to normal. "Three years" seems to be the official estimate of continued austerity in all departments, and it is not easy to quarrel with, as a *view*. As for the second question—the levelling down of the fortunate in sympathy with the unfortunate—ideally it is unexceptionable. But its practical usefulness is more and more being queried. The other day our Premier refused to commit his Government to indefinite continuation of our present food austerity. While admitting that shortage must continue for some time to come, he yet suggested that variety at least must soon be introduced, if this nation is to shoulder the demands made upon it in reviving exports, building houses and taking its fair share of the burden of rebuilding a shattered world. Food is but one ingredient in the recipe for hard work. Man-power, petrol, coal, steel, improvement in communications, all these are essential elements in any serious revival in industry, and it is hard to say which comes first and which depends most on t'other. France must tackle her problem by cutting down on defence and the Civil Services. Britain shows no signs of taking that way yet. Yet coal-getting and food-getting depend on man-power, and man-power depends on demobilisation. So essentially do improvements in communications of all kinds. Ergo, speedier demobilisation, which implies a weakening of defence, is the essence of our problem also. And I fancy we shall see it soon. The R.A.F. strikes have jolted the Government. The lean years in all departments must be cut down



SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT: Two of the Swedish members of the crew of the abandoned motor-ship, "Monica," sheltering under a tarpaulin amid the anti-invasion beach defences at Dungeness. Farther down on the shore their stranded vessel was being battered by the waves

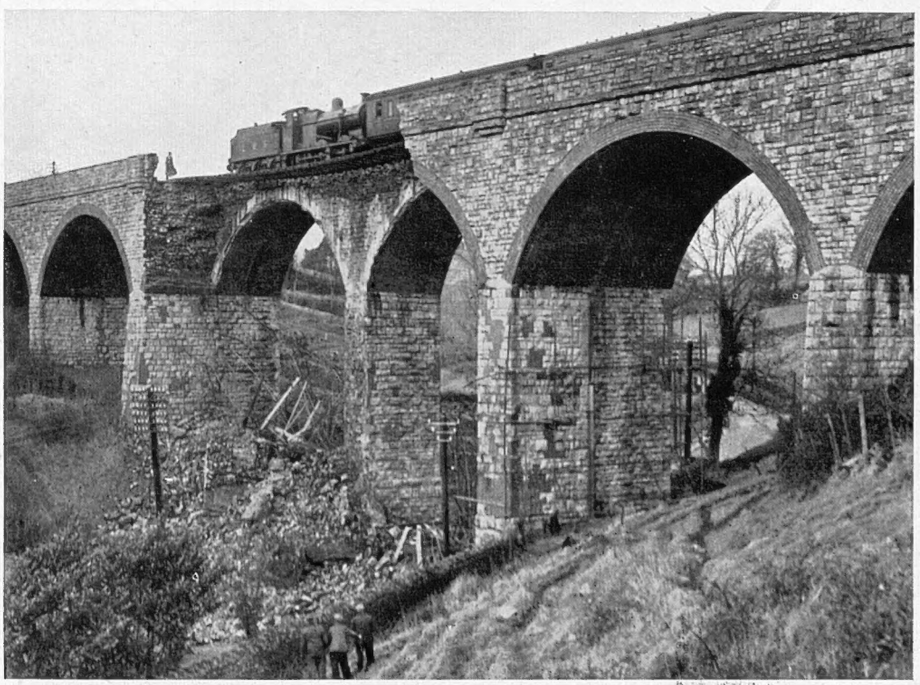
Conscription.—For my part, I shall be surprised if Conscription be not abolished before the present Government's mandate ends. I do not believe that any Socialist Government, under any set of political conditions, will favour it as a principle or sponsor it as a permanent policy. The hardest lessons will never inculcate it. But for some time to come, two or three years at least, it must remain an essential expedient, whatever party rule. Security is in the future, the world still in the melting-pot, and bubbling. No effort has yet been made to assess and to allocate the present demands in man-power of industry and of the Services. Until that is accomplished, no decision on Conscription is possible. But soon enough, I fancy, there will be a chance for a compromise, and I should not wonder if that took the form of a conscript's right to elect for service in the armed forces or, alternatively, in the field of agriculture or perhaps one or two more vital industries. There is little hope that the voluntary system could again prove adequate to our needs, if the schemes for the re-employment in civil life of ex-Service men should fail. Already the officer-class is finding that the promises made in war are peace's pie-crust. One day I shall write an article on "Promises Made in Wartime," and what comes of them! Post-war credits, for example; or "the end of controls"; or "homes for heroes"; or "employment for all." A sombre list of pie-crust baked in times of national stress, and added to the confectionery of the lies of war

New Towns.—I shall not live to see the new Stepney and Poplar planned by the L.C.C. I hope I may not have to pay very directly for it. There is a pleasant old model in existence of official Whitehall (temp. Charles II), an area of orchards, gardens, open spaces and singing birds, which I should like to see reintroduced in town-planning all over London. It shows courage, faith, broad and long vision, to plan so nobly for Slumland in this atomic age. But plans and finished products often differ in marked degree, and it is common enough all the world over to see hackles raised at the very mention of a new or satellite town. Thus, the New Yorkers, or a proportion of them, may consider even U.N.O. well lost, if they can preserve their favourite holiday and residential resort in the western end of Connecticut facing Long Island. And a clamant element which lives in Oxford may well refuse to hold their hands up at Lord Nuffield's pistol-pointing—his demand for more satellite towns round Oxford in which to house the workers of his organisation. Britain's greatest benefactor is a great son of Oxford; his encroachments on Oxford's green belt have been hitherto as discreet as enormous. In one important sense he has benefited Oxford as no other man ever did. He has been her financial and economic godfather and has found employment for thousands, as well as millions for research. But Oxford had been called the Home of Lost Causes, and still there remains a minority that supports some of those causes and denies that they are lost. Oxford had, still has, a spiritual mission as well as a material. And her spiritual mission prospered better when Lord Nuffield was still interested in bicycles—or so a few last-ditchers may still argue.

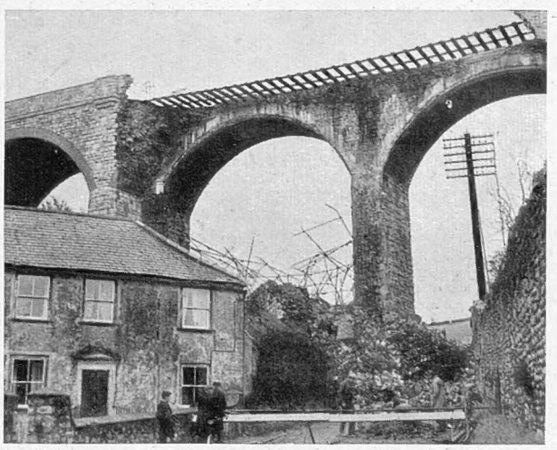
THE OLD STAGER

THE FATE OF THE "LURAY VICTORY": Broken in two by the heavy seas, the two halves of the 9,000-ton American merchant vessel lie 100 yards apart on the Goodwin Sands, where she went aground on January 30. The *Luray Victory* was loaded with loose barley and oats for Bremerhaven, and when it was seen that she would break up, her crew of forty-nine were taken off by the Walmer lifeboat, the men being received at the B.A.O.R. transit camp, Dover. The gales in the Channel and on the East Coast continued throughout last week-end, and on Sunday forty ships were reported to be riding-out the storm off Deal. At Eastbourne, which experienced one of the wildest weeks for many years, there were gusts approaching 85 m.p.h. Because of the gale, the 81,000-ton liner *Queen Mary*, with 1,700 wives of American soldiers and 600 children on board, was unable to leave Southampton to schedule

HAVOC OF THE GALES



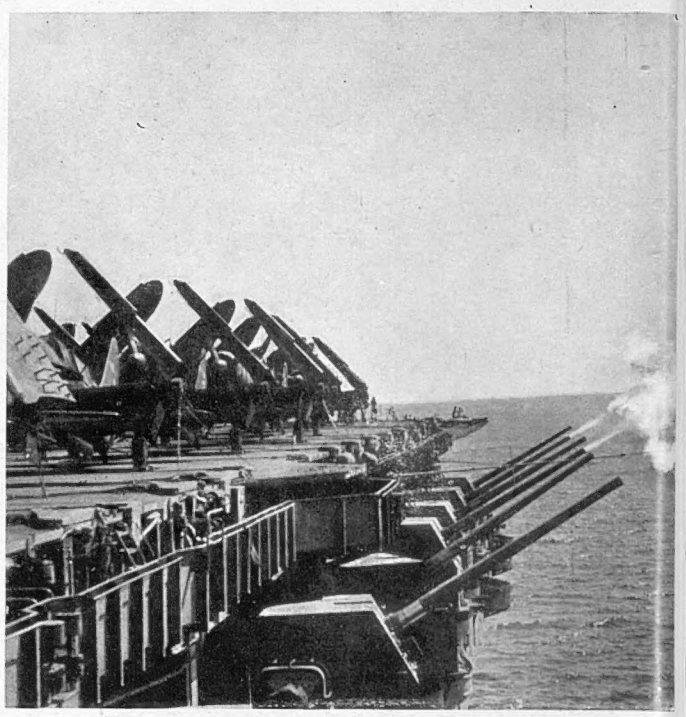
THE COLLAPSED RAILWAY VIADUCT AT SHEPTON MALLET: An earth tremor caused by the gale is believed to have led to the collapse of the two central arches carrying the up-line over the Bath-Shepton Mallet Road. The down-line, on the older portion of the viaduct, remained intact, but only light traffic is now being used on it



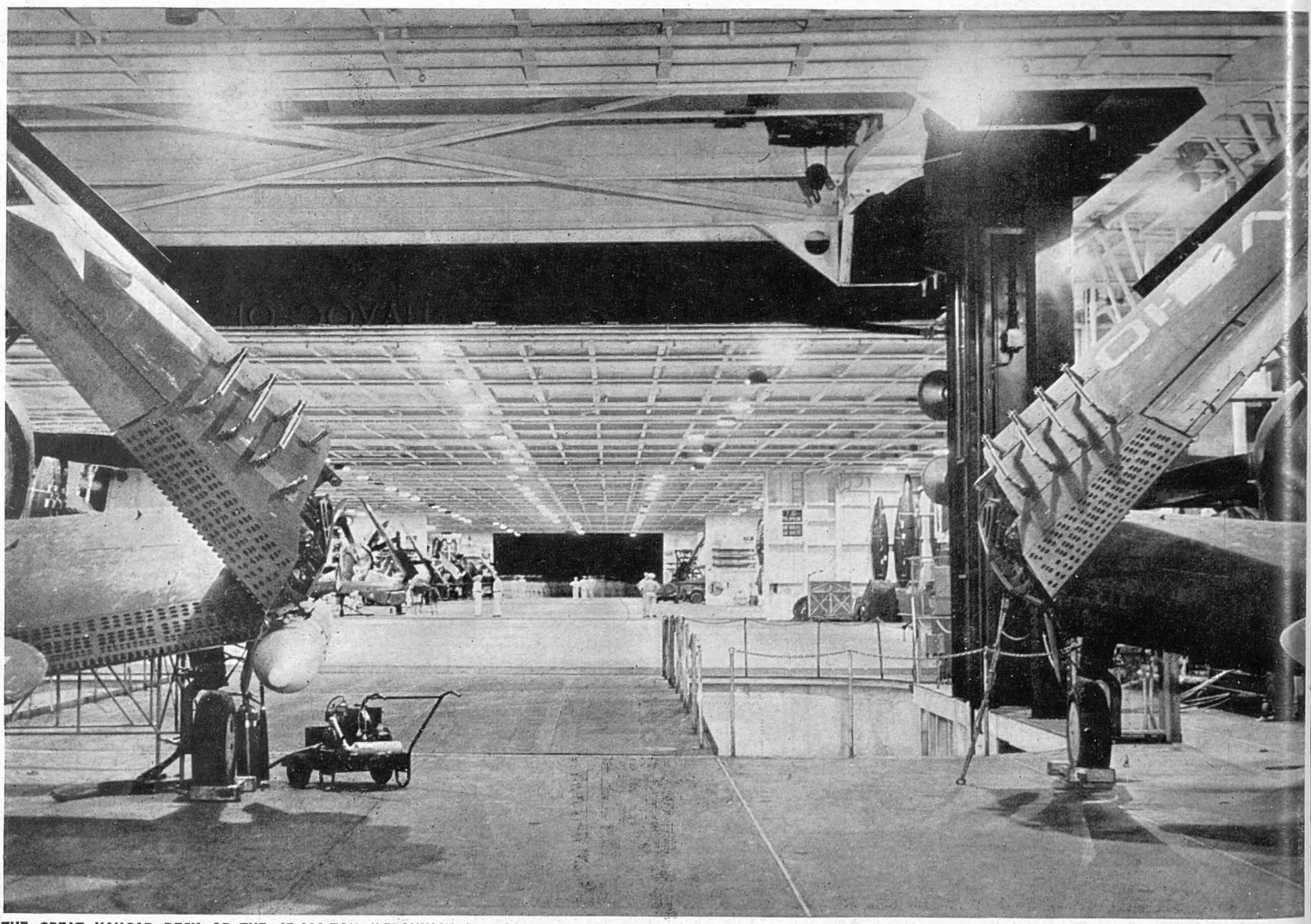
THE BATH-SHEPTON MALLET ROAD COMPLETELY BLOCKED: A scene following the collapse of one half of the viaduct carrying the Somerset and Dorset Joint Line. The rails of the up-line remained intact across the yawning gap, and the older portion of the viaduct was quite unaffected by the collapse of the so-called new portion, which was added sixty years ago. Three days before the subsidence occurred, engineers reported the new viaduct to be in a dangerous condition, and it was closed immediately. Single-line working was put in operation on the old portion. During the great gales last week Shepton Mallet was considerably affected, and it is thought probable that they caused the earth tremor which led to the collapse.

AN AMERICAN SURVEY

AMERICA'S LATEST AND GREATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: The 45,000-ton U.S.S. "Franklin D. Roosevelt" cutting through the waters of Guantanamo Bay, off the coast of Cuba, on what is described as her "shake-down" cruise after commissioning. The great carrier's destination was Brazil, where she was to be present for the inauguration of the new President

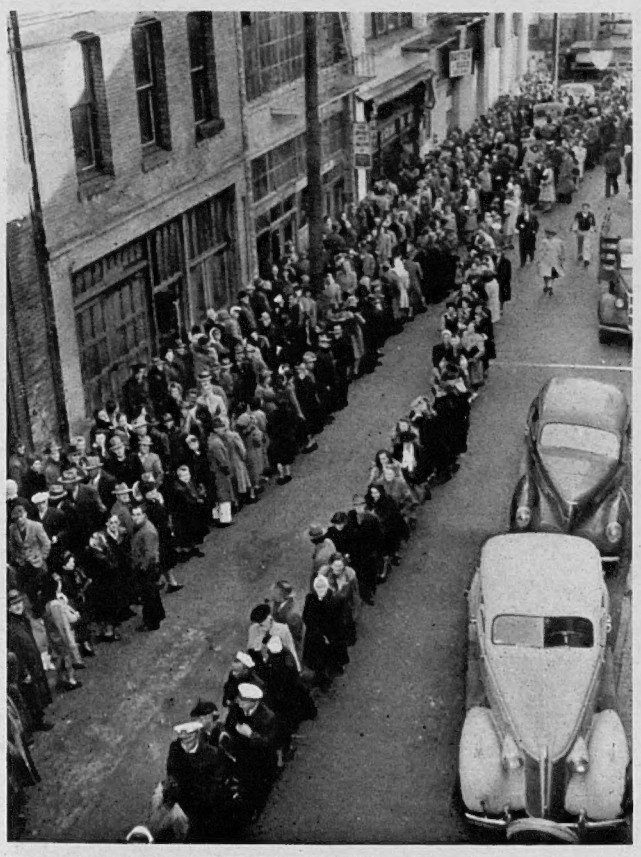


THE "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S" POWERFUL ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY: The new American aircraft-carrier's port-side guns in action during target practice in the Caribbean sea in the course of her first shake-down cruise. The guns appear to be of much the same calibre as the famous 4·5 used in the British Navy, and they can be used equally well either against aircraft or surface targets. They are radar-controlled, and in cloudy weather conditions can engage hostile aircraft without actually sighting them. They can also use the new radio fuze, which causes the shells to burst not only when hitting the target, but when coming into its immediate zone. This ammunition proved of tremendous value against flying bombs over Britain

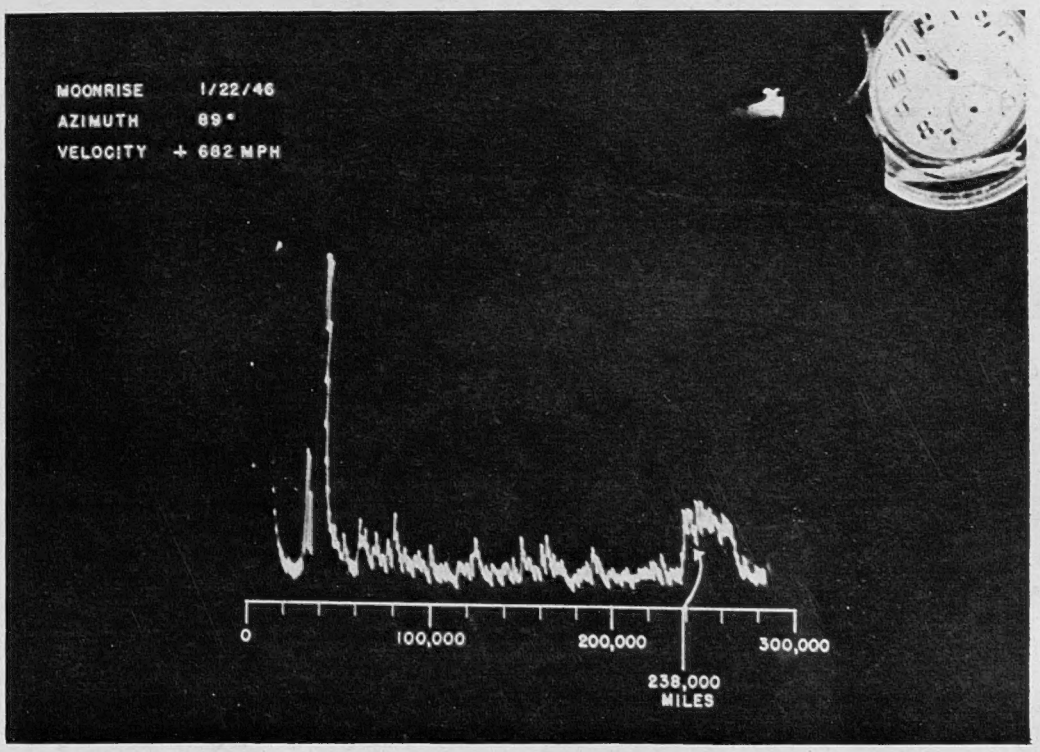


THE GREAT HANGAR DECK OF THE 45,000-TON "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT": An impression of the vast storage space available in the new aircraft-carrier, which belongs to a special class designed to take both fighter planes and twin-engined bombers. During the recent cruise to Rio de Janeiro, the hangar became the entertainment centre of the ship, being the scene of evening dances and movie shows. The "Franklin D. Roosevelt" represents a great increase in size and performance over the Essex-class carriers of 27,000 tons, such as "Yorktown" and "Lexington," which did duty in the great Pacific battles

NEW YORK HAS ITS BIGGEST MILITARY PARADE SINCE THE END OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR: Watched by large crowds, paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne Division, men who four times parachuted into enemy territory, pass through the Triumphal Arch, Washington Square, during their four-mile march through the city. With the 13,000 marching troops went thirty-four Sherman tanks, 105-mm. howitzers and anti-tank guns, while forty Douglas C-47's, each towing one of the gliders that had carried the 82nd into battle, flew above the Hudson parallel to the course of the parade. Heading the paratroopers was Major-General Gas, the youngest officer of his rank in the American Army, who led the men with such distinction in action



SAN FRANCISCANS QUEUE FOR BUTTER: According to American standards California has had a butter shortage, and these citizens of San Francisco are lining up for their ration. Only 3 lbs. was allowed for each person. The crowds extended round the entire block, giving the people of the Pacific coast a taste of what Britain has had to put up with for some years



RADAR CONTACT WITH THE MOON: How the great scientific event was recorded on the cathode-ray tube of the receiving-set at Belmar Signal Station, New Jersey. The arrow on the right shows the signal which appeared on the tube after ultra-high-frequency signals had been shot into space from the station's transmitter. Two-and-a-half seconds later the returning echo from the moon was thus unmistakably recorded. Experts declare that the experiment opens up the possibility of controlling planes in the stratosphere. Another, though more remote, possibility is that of radio controlling space-ships venturing thousands of miles from the earth

The JANUARY RIOTS in BOMBAY

Eleven Killed and Three Hundred Injured Following an Unofficial Procession in Honour of an Indian Quisling

INDIANS, LED BY AN INDONESIAN WITH A BAMBOO STICK, ATTACK A POLICE LORRY : One aspect of the serious rioting which broke out in Bombay on January 23 and continued during part of the following day. Eleven people were killed, and seventy were injured by bullet wounds alone. The trouble arose when a procession, led by Congress party workers, was refused admission by the police to the sensitive Muslim quarter of the city

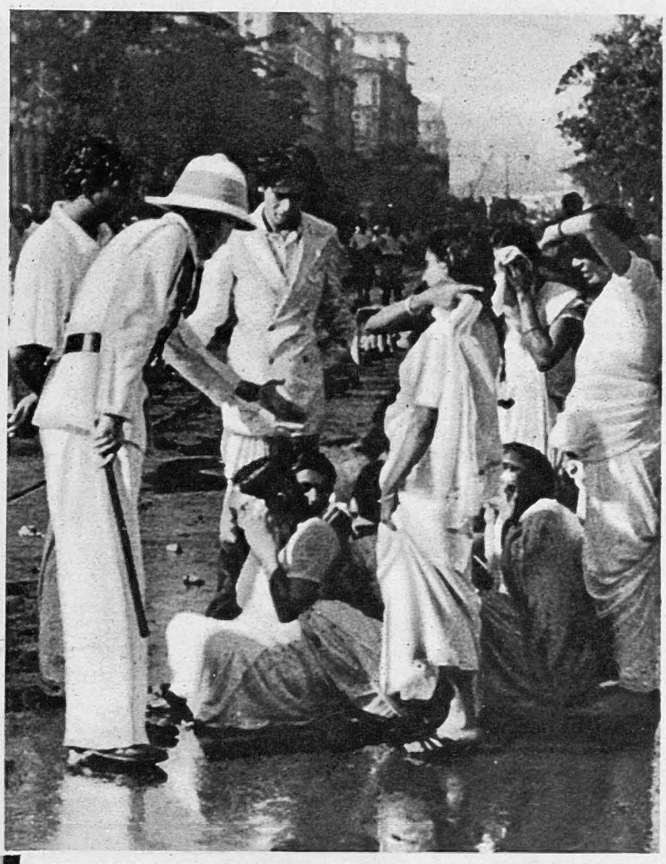
A POLICE OFFICER BEATS OFF THE FIRST OF HIS ASSAILANTS while the rest of the mob dash to the attack through tear gas

A BICYCLE, BUCKETS AND PROSTRATE DEMONSTRATORS litter a Bombay street after the police had made a charge with lathis in order to disperse the gathering throng

IN ROCK-STREWN GIRGAUM ROAD : Demonstrators, notable for their extreme youth, rallying round a torch made from a road-sweeper's broom. This street was the scene of much hard fighting during the two days of rioting, which began when the police diverted from the Muslim quarter an unofficial procession arranged by Congress workers to celebrate what would have been the fiftieth birthday of Subhas Chandra Bose, the quisling head of the Japanese-sponsored "Indian National Government"

Congress party workers, acting, it is believed, against the orders of the Party, decided on January 23 to organise a march through Bombay in order to celebrate what would have been the fiftieth birthday of Subhas Chandra Bose, the Indian quisling sponsored by the Japanese. At first the procession was orderly enough, but when the police denied it entrance to the Muslim quarter, disorders broke out immediately and many of the demonstrators sat down in the road, immobilising all traffic. In a few minutes worse was to follow when the police conducted a lathi charge and used tear gas to disperse the demonstrators. The latter at once broke up into small mobs and proceeded to attack the police with stones. A group of Indonesians are known to have been concerned in this phase of the fighting. Later on the first afternoon, after sporadic clashes, a much more serious skirmish took place. As a result, eleven people were killed and 300 injured, seventy of them by bullet wounds. On the following day there were more clashes, indiscriminate stone throwing being followed by a general outbreak of hooliganism on the part of the younger element. The extreme youth of many of the demonrators is to be noted in some of our pictures

HOT-HEADED YOUTH TAKES A BEATING: Demonstrators lying prostrate in a roadway after the police had made a concerted charge against them. Those that were not actually injured responded by sitting down on the tramlines and immobilising the traffic



THE APPEAL TO REASON: A police officer attempts to persuade demonstrators that their sit-down strike in the centre of the roadway will only lead to further trouble. Meanwhile, one girl striker wipes away her tears after being mildly gassed

PATROLLING THE TROUBLED AREA: Headed by an officer with levelled revolver, a police rifle squad (the men with fixed bayonets and arms carried at the port) keeps the street clear of demonstrators. Patrols of this character had to be continued for two days

THE STRUGGLE TO PRESERVE THE PEACE: Mr. H. E. Butler, Commissioner of Bombay Police, is seen (right) creating the cordon near the Muslim zone. Beyond this point he refused to allow the procession to pass

CONGRESS HAS ITS FLING—HOW THE BOMBAY DEMONSTRATORS REACTED TO POLICE RESTRICTIONS: The police refused to allow them to pass into the highly-sensitive Muslim quarter of the city, so the demonstrators responded by covering the tram tracks with boulders in order to render traffic impassable. Some of the smaller stones in the picture were used as missiles when the police carried out their lathi charge against the mob

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE: This Indonesian, seen about to hurl a basket during the rioting, joined in the general struggle on behalf of his Indian brothers

VOICES OFF-STAGE in the FRENCH TRIANGLE

Charles de Gaulle and Léon Blum Influence the Nation from Afar in its Days of Need

By FERDINAND TUOHY

OUTSIDE U.N.O.'s Church House one of General de Gaulle's most ardent and capable young supporters put the question: "What do you think of the manner of his going?" And quickly answered it himself: "No statesman—no leader has the right to quit in these times just when it takes him."

"The 'my mission is ended' stuff certainly rang false. Also the 'France is set right for recovery' line. But he had a blind spot economically."

"Yes, those military circuses before bread, in Paris last year! Five of them! Up to a point he put the cart in front of the horse: France's greatness before her health. But he was provoked by shame and belittlement, and his suspicions of intrigue to 'inherit' some of the French colonies may be shown to have been warranted."

"Agreed. All the same, he couldn't shake off sufficient of his past self. He was top-heavily for the Army and the Church, and it doesn't go down any more."

"*Certes non* these atomic times!"

"But, I suppose, if it isn't going to be his kind of authoritarian State it 's going to be someone else's."

"Yes, the Communists are pressing hard. What the English never grasped was that in pricking de Gaulle they were hoping to see removed the principal rampart against Communism in France. They harped too much on de Gaulle being ungracious and difficult. As if Churchills and Bevins can't be ungracious and difficult!"

"Prima donnas the lot of them. And Charlie among the brightest. I always thought he 'd get through to be President. But ideologies will out! Pity! A great man . . ."

"I ask myself what he will do next?"

"See the evening paper? 'De Gaulle writes in solitude. Every night a light burns in the study and he is at his table writing.' We once had a famous book of war revelations called 'Now it can be told.' The General could do worse than. . . ."

". . . In effect! *Maintenant on peut le dire.*'"

"It would start Churchill and the others off. They couldn't hold back from answering Charlie. Even Clémenceau was jerked into answering Foch—literally with his dying breath."

Of course, our chat didn't crackle off as adroitly and astringently as this. Yet you have the gist, and how many conversations on the same topic must have latterly taken place between French and British people. De Gaulle had so woven himself into the contemporary Anglo-French story and was such a debatable character. One reason the British never got on with him was that they expected "the usual mercurial Frenchman" and found one who stolidly gave biff for biff. De Gaulle is a French-Fleming from Lille, and not much more than a *pas-de-Calais* different in character from your pugnacious, tenacious, arrogant, imperial, unhumorous Briton, of whom there are quite a few around.

To speculate on the future of this man is to speculate on the future of France herself. De Gaulle embodies one of the three constant factors in that nation's latter-day history, the nationalistic Right of tradition and *église*, though he bowed to a wide progressive breakaway by young Rightists (like my friend), such as at one time opened a real chance for Danton to wed Jeanne d'Arc, or, less figuratively, for the working-man Left to build a new France alongside the Right of tradition, the two grown together in far greater tolerance born of dire adversity. When de Gaulle accepted the revolutionary Resistance Programme hammered out by all parties, underground, in 1943, such a new France welded and comradely seemed a genuine possibility.

But, alas, the prospect was too fair to last. Or impossible from the start. On the one hand, Thorez came thumping in at the head of his Communists, de Gaulle's *bête noir*, who hails from the same home-district; on the other, the General started being awkward about the Army and the Constitution and "I resign."

This insistence on a costly Army in a deprived and battered, weary Continent, and upon a powerful Central Executive that should rule popular institutions like the Assembly—was it a sly preparation for personal rule? Was the General in some measure aloof from the French people's daily wants—food and warmth especially—because he, a non-party man, could reckon to gain if the Party system showed itself unfit to cope? Was this a part-explanation of France having made such little headway domestically in the eighteen months since liberation? In planning and reconversion, in smashing the Black Market and in supplying even the most ordinary needs?

And how could one explain Pleven, de Gaulle's Finance Minister, fooling the people (as a Paris radio talk suggested) when the nation was careering towards the rocks of bankruptcy?

But if one started recapitulating the dark things said at one time or another about Charles de Gaulle, it would fill the page. One was, and is, either for him or against him: no half-way house possible. What they cannot take from him are the memorable title of First Resister; that he conjured away all thought of civil war largely by his own record of integrity; handed back Overseas France intact; and hit upon the right policy for Germany.

The General substitutes the pen for the spoken word—and he can be as lucid and forthright in print as orally. But it will be some time before his voice off-stage is heard—although more than an echo of it will meanwhile come through the Catholic Progressives (M.R.P.), vexed as they may at present be with their hero.

By a curious chance, two of the three most authoritative voices in France will come from off-stage, the other being that of Léon Blum.

As leader of the Socialist Party, which has supplied the current Premier (Head of the State in the absence of a Premier), the old Alsatian Jew should be in office at the very summit. But at seventy-four, and after Buchenwald, he pleads his years. Not lack of mental vigour, for never has he shown such a piercingly fine intellect. Nor can he be any more physically down than Churchill if he can take on a rapid air tour across half the world. Probably the truth is that Blum feels he can exert greater influence giving guidance and direction in his articles in *Populaire*, in as much as a return to power on his part would only loose off old hatreds, of which he had collected a record number by 1936, and because he was not an executive success as Premier, anyway.

No doubt about it: there 's a kind of back-from-the-dead aura about Blum, which, grafted upon his superb challenge of Pétain, Darlan, Laval, at the Riom Trial, and the fact of his being the direct heir of Jaurès, for whom he built up the Socialist Party, invests old Léon already with the prestige of legend. He is one of the few to live to be venerated. They even say he is currently writing with scriptural sway! Certainly, not since the days of Clémenceau's *Justice* and *Homme Enchainé* has a paper been so avidly read for policy to follow, as is Blum's *Populaire* today. The whole French equivalent of the Labour Party, from meridional Gouin and austerity Philip down, looks to see what Blum has said.

And what is that? France must take stock of her thinning resources, make up her mind how she proposes to live; she must drastically economise and draw in the belt, work and produce as never before.

Always it used to be the Right that stepped in to rescue matters on the brink of an election, and Blum needed courage to put the responsibility today on the shoulders of the Socialists, because if they fail, they may split asunder. Yet Blum will not accept the alternative, which is fusion with the Communists. About that he feels as Labour does here: that French Socialism might be so sapped as to become the second in the partnership. And that, to Blum, would be a double disaster in that he is a Westerner. He does not believe in Muscovy Over Europe, no matter on what pretext. Even helping the underdog must wait if submission to Russian foreign policy is to be the price.

Blum's Westernism is reflected in his present food-finding journey to Britain and the Americas. The United Kingdom may not be able to find food, but any financial or economic arrangements calculated to help, should not be held back, if only because Léon Blum is now Britain's best friend in France, and maybe the last in high authority for an unseeable time ahead.

What Blum, the Socialist, is likely to get from American Big Business is problematical. But I expect what he *would* like to say is something like this: "All right, if you don't help French Socialism, you'll probably see something in Europe that you 'll like less—much less!"

The third of the French triangle, Maurice Thorez, is fully vocal, both as Minister of State and Communist leader. Brought up in the mines near Loos, the youth got through 1914-17 as an agricultural labourer in the centre of France; then saw fighting on the Somme; and in 1919 was back in the pit near Lens. At thirty, Thorez was general secretary of the French Communist Party and M.P. for Ivry, in the Paris "red belt," which he has represented ever since. Thorez is a great bull of a fellow, cheery, and a capital organiser. He is the manipulator and tactician. Duclos is the obvious brain and orator. But manipulating strikes and discontent may be the means of seeing the Socialist headship on its way.

If Thorez deserted from the phoney war, the claim is that Daladier was imprisoning in the filthy fortress of Ré as many of the eighty-one Communist deputies as he could find. But, of course, Thorez was keeping in step with Russia too, and the Russians were just then in treaty with Hitler.

But there you are—the Comms. feel the end to be so splendid that all and any means may be resorted to. They crossed their Rubicon on the Ebro, and nothing would be more foolish than to hope to stop them cleaving—regardless of frontiers, wars, cultures, religion and history. They take them all in their stride. It 's tricky sometimes, to have to follow the Russians so caninely, but the comrades know just why it has to be done, and they agree.

THE SECOND PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FOURTH REPUBLIC: The new French Coalition Cabinet, which M. Felix Gouin succeeded in forming a week after General de Gaulle had resigned and retired into private life. It is made up of Communists, Socialists and members of the M.R.P., the latter being the supporters of General de Gaulle. Front row, left to right—M. Moutet (Socialist), Colonies; M. Jules Moch (Socialist), Public Works and Transport; M. Francisque-Gay (M.R.P.), Deputy Prime Minister; M. Gouin (Socialist), Prime Minister and Minister of National Defence; M. Thorez (Communist), Deputy Prime Minister; M. Teitgen (M.R.P.), Justice; and M. Le Troquer (Socialist), Interior. Second row, left to right—M. Bidault (M.R.P.), Foreign Affairs; M. Tillon (Communist), War Production; M. Paul (Communist), Industrial Production; M. Defferre (Socialist), Information; M. Naegelen (Socialist), Education; M. Philip (Socialist), Finance and National Economy. Third row, left to right—M. Letourneau (M.R.P.), Posts and Telegraphs; M. Michelet (M.R.P.), War Department; M. Casanova (Communist), War Veterans Administration; M. Billoux (Communist), Reconstruction; M. Longchambon (Non-Parliamentary), Food; M. Tanguy-Prigent (Socialist), Agriculture; M. Croizat (Communist), Labour; M. Prigent (M.R.P.), Health

TWO MEN WHO FIGURED IN THE CLASH OF PERSONALITIES: Mr. Bevin, Britain's Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Stettinius, Delegate of the United States, discussing the latest developments in the Perso-Russian dispute prior to a meeting of the Security Council. It was Mr. Bevin who finally proposed the resolution approving direct negotiations between Persia and Russia, but requiring the result to be reported to the Council

DRAMA AT U.N.O.

As the Security Council Seeks an End to the Persian Dispute

The end of January was indeed a testing-time for the United Nations, as the Security Council was faced with the first of its many thorny problems, having to make a decision in the case of the Russian dispute with Persia.

On January 30 Mr. Bevin, Britain's Foreign Secretary, put forward a proposal approving direct negotiations between Persia and Russia, but requiring the result of those negotiations to be reported to the Council.

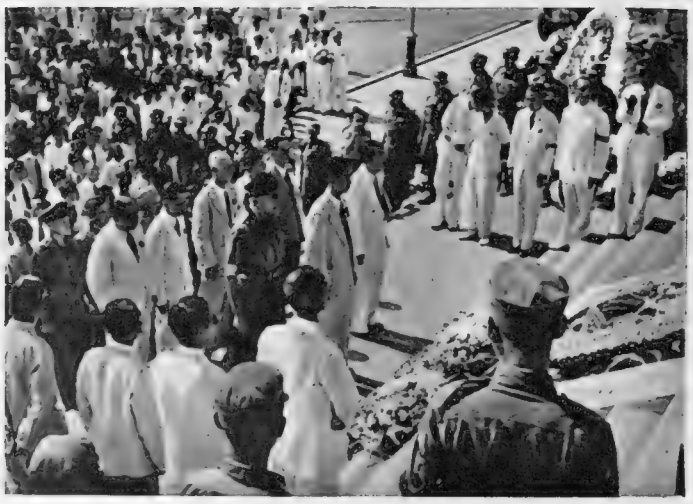
The resolution, which was made the subject of a lively discussion, was finally adopted unanimously, and it was felt by all that the Council had faced this early hurdle with just the right degree of realism.

There was one unforgettable exchange between Mr. Bevin and M. Vyshinsky, when the latter said that he would accept the rest of Mr. Bevin's resolution "unless interference by hot-headed men does not allow us to come to good results."

THE RUSSIANS IN CONCLAVE—MEMBERS OF THE SOVIET DELEGATION PLAN THEIR APPROACH TO A THORNY PROBLEM: M. Vyshinsky (right), the Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and M. Gromyko (second from right), the Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., discuss the Russo-Persian situation with two of their fellow-delegates. M. Vyshinsky usually addresses the Council in Russian, but M. Gromyko frequently uses English, which he speaks with only a slight trace of accent

A WORLD SURVEY

Malaya's Great Resistance Leader: Plaques Commemorate Our Desert Forces: Dumping Surplus Fighters: Reclaiming Walcheren



SALUTE TO A HERO: Brigadier McKerron, of the 4th Brigade, and other mourners at the funeral in Singapore of Colonel Lim Bo Seng, the Malayan Resistance leader who escaped in February 1942 and returned in the following year to carry on resistance behind the Japanese lines

MOURNERS BOW IN SILENCE BEFORE THE BIER OF COLONEL LIM BO SENG: The scene before the Municipal Building, Singapore, as last tributes were paid to the Malayan Resistance leader, a portrait of whom was placed at the head of the steps. After Colonel Lim Bo Seng escaped from Malaya in 1942 in a sampan, he made his way to Chungking *via* Sumatra. He returned to Malaya with "Force 136," a small party including British officers, and, after landing at Lumut in November 1943, carried out sterling work. He was discovered by the Japanese, thrown into prison, and tortured to death. At the funeral last month, a guard of honour was provided by the 2nd Battalion, Durham Light Infantry, and the 2nd Recce Regiment. Many Chinese troops and civilians joined in the procession

"A TRIUMPH IN ADVERSITY": This plaque, commemorating Lord Wavell's brilliant campaign in the Western Desert in the early days of the war, has just been unveiled at Benghazi by General Sir Bernard Paget, the C.-in-C. in the Middle East, during a tour of desert stations in Cyrenaica. At the same time, General Paget also unveiled a plaque bearing the words "The Dawn of Victory," to commemorate the advance of Field-Marshal Montgomery with the famous Eighth Army. The ceremony took place in what was formerly Marshal Graziani's palace during the time when he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Cyrenaica and was planning his abortive descent upon the Nile. Following the unveiling of the plaques, General Paget took the salute at a march-past of units of Benghazi Garrison, and he later took tea with local Arab dignitaries

COMMEMORATING OUR GREAT ALLIED VICTORIES IN CYRENAICA: General Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C., Middle East, standing on the balcony of the Palace at Benghazi beside the Senior Chaplain as the latter dedicated the memorial plaques to the men of Wavell's army and of Montgomery's Eighth Army who triumphed in the Cyrenaican battles. Sir Bernard Paget also visited Tobruk, Cyrene and Barce during this tour

A CHANCE FOR ORPHANS OF THE EUROPEAN STORM: Refugee children, each labelled for ease of identification, climbing aboard a Transport Command Dakota at a German aerodrome when en route to Switzerland. Most of the twenty-three youngsters are Polish and all of them suffered in the German slave-camps during the war. Now they will be cared for by the Swiss Government under a scheme organised by U.N.R.R.A. The nationality of four of the children is unknown, and in each case all trace of their parents has disappeared. It is presumed that they met their deaths in the horror camps

"SURPLUS, OBSOLETE, AND OF NO VALUE TO ANYBODY": This is the official description of these aircraft lined up at Sydney Docks before being loaded on board the escort carrier "Pioneer" and taken out to sea for dumping. About 300 planes have been included in this large-scale disposal operation, which is being carried out on the orders of the British Admiralty. Some of the planes are new, but all have been flown, and they have been stripped of all useful parts, such as navigational instruments, compasses and clocks. The nominal wartime value of these machines would be immense

D-DAY MATERIAL IS USED IN THE RECLAMATION OF WALCHEREN : A great concrete barge, of the type used to make the artificial harbour in the Normandy beachhead, being towed into position to fill the last of the four gaps in the sea-wall which protects this low-lying island off the Dutch coast. The sea-wall was smashed by R.A.F. bombing in a successful effort to dislodge German troops who had converted Walcheren into a strong-point

SEALING THE LAST OF THE FOUR GAPS ON THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN : A great concrete barge is towed into place by tugs to fill the final breach made by Royal Air Force bombing. When the gap has been finally sealed, the work of draining the island will be completed and, in due course, this fertile strip will be brought back to cultivation. The concrete barges used for the work of sealing are of exactly the same pattern as those built in British ports before D-Day and towed to France for conversion into an artificial harbour. After being placed in position at Walcheren, the barges are filled with ballast and sunk to the sea-bed

Walcheren is an island of historic associations for the British Army, for it was there in Napoleonic days that we landed a great force in the hope of subsequently capturing Antwerp and creating a breach in Napoleon's fortress of Europe. That first Walcheren expedition was a ghastly failure, only redressed in later years by Wellington's successes in Spain.

In this last war Walcheren was again a place of tragedy, but this time it played a prominent part in the successful British strategy, and when our bombers breached the sea-wall, flooding the low-lying island with the waters of the North Sea, the German troops, who had turned the island into a strong-point, were forced to withdraw or capitulate. Since the liberation of Holland, Dutch engineers have been hard at work using British materials to seal the great breaches made by the R.A.F. By sinking concrete barges, of the type employed in building our artificial harbour on the Normandy beachhead, the gaps are being closed, and before long Walcheren will be completely drained and will await the care of the cultivator.

BY SKI AND DOG TEAM THROUGH THE SWEDISH MOUNTAINS : In this mode of travel, now being sponsored by the Swedish Tourist Agency, the travellers go on skis and are drawn along by the dog-sleighs which carry their luggage. This method of seeing the mountain country is already making a great appeal, particularly among those who are comparatively inexperienced. Travellers first take the train to Storlein, the starting-point for the mountain trip, and the route then takes them over the mountains along the Swedish-Norwegian border. At various points there are cottages where parties may rest or sleep overnight.

GENERALS RELAX AT NEW YORK'S EXCLUSIVE STORK CLUB : *Left*—Lieut.-General Lewis H. Brereton, former Commander of America's Ninth Air Force in Britain, sups with his bride, Mrs. Zena Groves, of London, before their marriage, which was held in the chapel at Mitchel Field. ***Right*—Lady Charles Cavendish (Adèle** Astaire) recently visited the club where General Wainwright, of Bataan fame, was dining. Although she had never seen the General before, she rushed up to his table and, throwing her arms round his neck, remarked, "Oh, you hero—you are terrific!" The General showed no signs of embarrassment

MALAYAN HINDUS CELEBRATE THAIPUSAM : The procession on the way to the Chettier Temple, Singapore, to celebrate the Festival of Repentance. In the centre walks a devout Hindu, whose extraordinary attire consists of a framework of long steel rods each about 3 ft. long, and actually inserted into his skin. The rods are affixed all round the body from the waist up, and upon this framework are built a number of coloured effigies. In each procession there may be one to half-a-dozen men similarly attired. The remainder of the devotees walk along with effigies, often holding hands to form a continuous chain, thus keeping out anyone of another faith

A KEY TO THE CAUCASIAN PASSES—BITLIS, A SENTINEL CITY IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH AREA OF DISPUTE: Dominated by the towers and walls of an ancient rambling castle and spreading out like a starfish at a point where valleys converge, Bitlis is to-day, more than ever, a place of strategic importance. The city guards the southern flank of the Armenian region now in dispute between Russia and Turkey—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

WITHIN THE ARMENIAN DANGER ZONE

A Seldom-Visited Land of Architectural and Natural Beauty on the Turco-Russian Frontier

Soviet-Turkish friction assumed considerable proportions in January when the dispute regarding the Kars-Ardahan area was so freely canvassed in the Russian Press. World attention was at once focussed on the whole Armenian danger zone, and the proximity of the Persian north-western province of Azerbaijistan, which has become a Russian sphere of influence, made the whole position additionally anxious. Of particular importance in this danger area is the old city of Bitlis, the scene of Solyman the Magnificent's defeat by the Persians in 1554. Bitlis, which guards the southern entrance to the Armenian highlands and the old route northwards from Mesopotamia, occupies a great gap in the mountains at a point where a number of valleys converge. Although its main features appear in the records of several travellers, the city is not very often visited by Western Europeans. In winter the whole region is often snow-bound for weeks at a time, and any attempt to cross the 2,000-ft. ranges would be out of the question. Bitlis produces cotton goods, and it is famed throughout the Middle East for the bright-red dye which it uses in their manufacture. Nearby is Lake Van, which stretches away to the Persian frontier, across a large part of the southern flank of the Armenian zone. Now, as in ancient days, travellers coming north from the Tigris and the Euphrates to the Caucasian passes would inevitably take the route through Bitlis

THE FROWNING FORTRESS OF BITLIS STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARMENIAN DANGER ZONE: A Turkish officer checks the identity of a traveller on the outskirts of the old city. In the distance two mosques break the somewhat uniform appearance of the houses, which are solidly built of a dark volcanic stone—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It is not so long since part at least of the fortress of Bitlis was in occupation by the local chieftains who, when the drawbridges were raised, were prepared to resist any forces from the outside world. More recently Bitlis came under definite Turkish control, the Turkish governors exercising authority over town and vilayet. In the above picture a SPHERE artist shows the scene as viewed from the Meidan district, which lies immediately to the south of the city. The great pile of the old fortress dominates the view. It is now a mere shell of moss-covered walls, flanked by numerous round or octagonal towers, and below it the river falls in hundreds of tiny cascades between long avenues of white-stemmed poplars and under the pointed arches of numerous stone bridges. One of these, just below the municipal buildings, forms a covered bazaar street like the Ponte Vecchio, at Florence, and near it on the left bank are a plain square edifice, which is dignified by the name of the Armenian monastery, and two mosques, the Ulu and the Yeshil Jami

IN THE CRADLE OF CIVILISATION—ARMENIAN CHURCHMEN IN PROCESSION AT ETCHMIADZIN, AND IN THE DISTANCE THE TWIN PEAKS OF MOUNT ARARAT: An impression of religious life in the Armenian danger zone. Etchmiadzin lies less than fifty miles from the Kars-Ardahan Provinces to which the Russian Press has laid vociferous claim—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

One of the special places visited by architects when studying early-Christian architecture in Armenia has been Etchmiadzin, which, being a place of ecclesiastical importance, boasts a cathedral and two notable churches. The cathedral shown to the right in Mr. Whitaker's drawing, as it now exists, is a most elaborate building. The position of Etchmiadzin itself is highly picturesque. It is here seen across the lake of the little cathedral city. It will be noted that the peak of Ararat is really a dual massif. Ararat the greater is snow-capped, while Ararat the lesser is very much smaller, with its volcanic slopes elegantly shaped. The artist has depicted a moment when a group of Armenian clerics are arriving for a convocation. Their appearance is impressive. The Armenian clerics are invariably bearded and, with their chains and flowing garments, always present a natural dignity

THE WONDERS OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCHES—THE CATHEDRAL AND CHAPEL OF ST. GREGORY AT ANI: Precursors of Western Christian Gothic architecture which have aroused the admiration of the few travellers penetrating this highland region on the Turkish-Soviet frontier—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The early-Christian churches of Armenia are wonders of elegant architectural beauty, but they are not often seen by the ordinary tourist. They have, however, been visited and their special features recorded by a certain number of architectural experts. The extreme interest of these buildings lies in the fact that not only are they things of rare beauty in themselves, but that they are the precursors of Western Christian Gothic architecture as we know it in Central and Western Europe and in England. Features which we term Saxon, Norman, and early English, can be traced eastwards as far as Armenia. There we have the original fountain of ideas which led to the development of Western styles—to be seen in hundreds of chapels, churches and cathedrals. We give here three examples to be seen on the site of Ani, the ruined capital of the mediæval Kingdom of Armenia. The cathedral shows features—the interior surroundings of the apse in particular—which are undeniably Gothic in form, although the external form of dome tower and enclosing squarish base below are Byzantine in form. The Chapel of St. Gregory is another elegant building, taking the traveller by surprise, even if he has visited the churches at Etchmiadzin. It shows blending Byzantine and Western features. The buttressing of the dome tower is shown in a third example from Ani. These extensions foreshadow the transepts of the Western Gothic church

THE EPIC of the "EXETER"

Her Commanding Officer Returns from a Prisoner-of-War Camp to Tell the Story of the Cruiser's Last Battle in the Java Sea

In the long annals of British naval history the epic of H.M.S. *Exeter* will henceforth take a shining place, and it is only now, after a lapse of almost four years, that we are able to tell the story of the action in the Java Sea in which she met her end.

Exeter, as all the world will remember, played a brilliant part in the Battle of the River Plate in 1940, when, with *Achilles* and *Ajax* supporting and sustaining her, she hounded the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* to her doom.

Exeter herself was crippled by forty or fifty hits, many of them from shells three times the weight of those she could fire back, and she suffered nearly 100 casualties; but she stayed at her post until relieved by the *Cumberland*, while the *Graf Spee* was ignominiously scuttled in the estuary.

The scene now changes to 1942, a dark moment in Allied history, as the Japanese Navy swept forward through the Java Sea. After the series of actions on February 27, in which the *Exeter* was damaged, the cruiser returned to Surabaya. There was no time for proper repairs, and on February 28 she sailed at dark with six of her eight boilers out of action. She was accompanied by H.M.S. *Encounter* and U.S.S. *Pope*.

At first *Exeter* could only make 15 knots, but superb work by the engineering staff got two more boilers going and speed was increased at midnight to 23 knots.

Early in the morning two enemy cruisers began to bear down on the already-crippled cruiser and her two destroyers, while a little later a large enemy destroyer appeared ahead and almost immediately afterwards two other cruisers and more destroyers came into view.

The engineering staff at the last minute managed to repair one more boiler, and at 26 knots the *Exeter*, with two destroyers in station either side of her, steamed into action. She had only 20 per cent. of her main armament ammunition remaining after the previous battle.

The destroyers tried to ward the enemy off by firing torpedoes and to screen the *Exeter* by making smoke. One enemy cruiser was hit by torpedoes from the *Pope*, several other ships were hit by gunfire from all three allied vessels, and one destroyer dropped out of line.

But the end was not far off. The *Exeter* received a vital hit in "A" boiler-room; the main engines stopped and all power in the ship failed. As she was being straddled and hit by the enemy cruisers, orders were given to sink her and abandon ship. She sank about 11.50 a.m.

Shortly afterwards H.M.S. *Encounter* was also sunk.

The story is told by Captain O. L. Gordon, R.N., who commanded the *Exeter* in her final action, and, during his subsequent time as a prisoner of war, made complete records relating to the last days of his great ship. He has recently been decorated for gallantry by the King.

H.M.S. "EXETER" STEAMS INTO ACTION WITH HER FORWARD GUNS BLAZING: This drawing by Wm. McDowell appeared in THE SPHERE of March 28, 1942, when the famous cruiser, which had won such fame in the Battle of the River Plate, was destroyed by Japanese cruisers in the Java Sea. At the start of the action, six of her eight boilers were disabled and she could only make 15 knots. The full story of her last fight is now told by Captain Gordon, who has lately returned from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp

THE LAST MOMENTS OF H.M.S. "EXETER"—THE GALLANT CRUISER OF RIVER PLATE FAME IS STRADDLED BY ENEMY SHELLS AFTER RECEIVING A MORTAL BLOW DURING THE BATTLE OF THE JAVA SEA: The main engines have stopped, all power has failed, and the crew has begun the orderly abandonment of the sinking ship. This incident, full details of which have only just become known, took place at 11.50 a.m. on March 1, 1942, at the end of a series of actions against Japanese cruisers and destroyers. Even as she sinks, the crew of the forward gun-turret is still firing off the few remaining rounds—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

CAPTAIN OLIVER LOUDEN GORDON, who commanded H.M.S. *Exeter* when she was sunk in the Java Sea in 1942 and who has now returned to tell the official story

***On right*—H.M.S. "EXETER" IN HER PEACETIME FINERY:** The 8,390-ton cruiser as she appeared before the outbreak of the war of 1939-45, in which she was to render such epic service. *Exeter* had two forward 8-in. gun-turrets, and it was with these that she inflicted such terrible damage on the *Graf Spee* in the first stages of the Battle of the River Plate

LUXURY TRAVEL ON THE COMING EUROPEAN SERVICES : This is the spacious twenty-one passenger saloon of the Vickers Viking, a plane that has completed its flight trials and will be used extensively on Continental routes of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. A row of double windows runs along each side. Special attention has been paid to sound-proofing and to anti-vibration measures

THE AGE OF MASS AIR TRAVEL

What the Passenger Will Find on Britain's Oversea Services

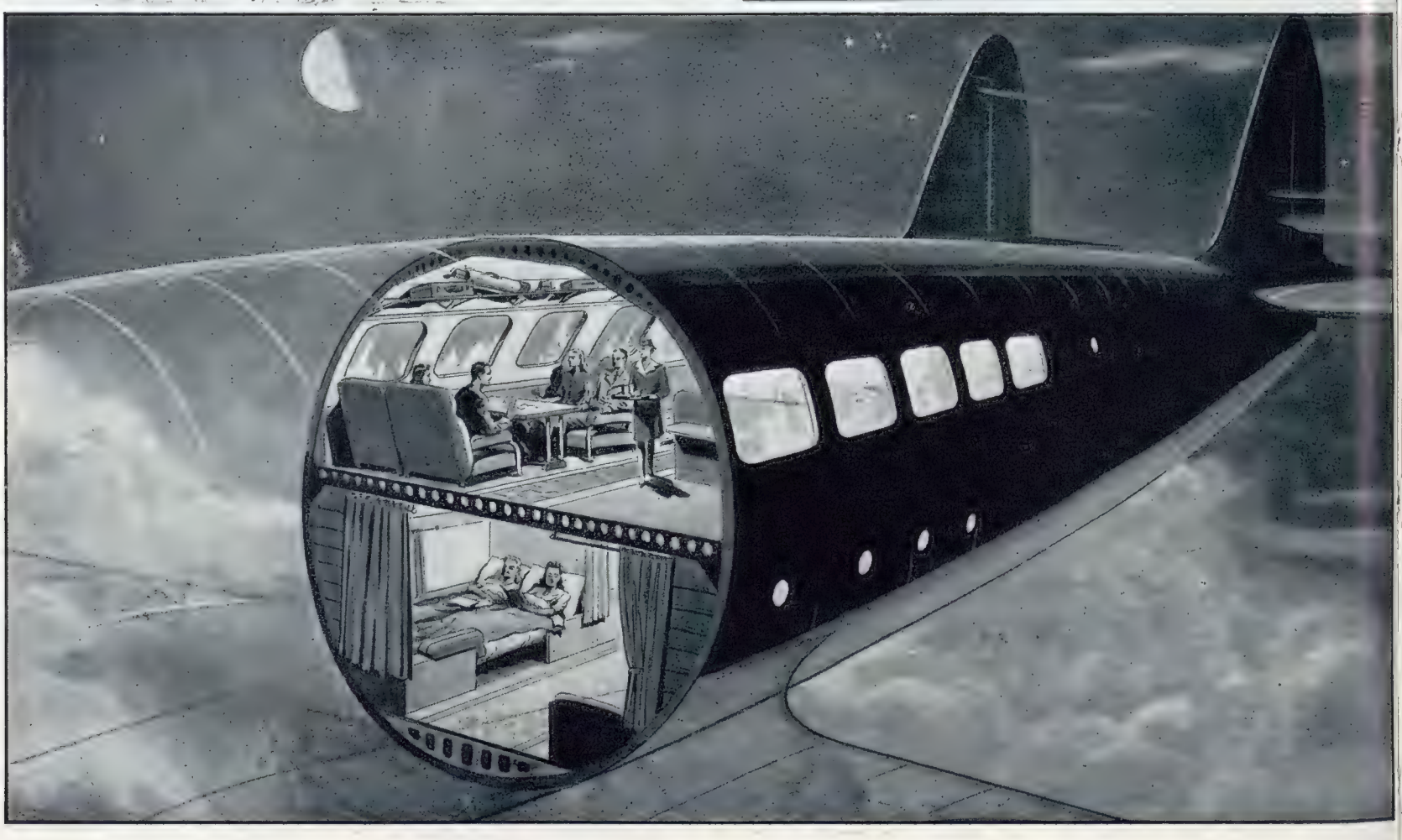
Ambitious plans for further extending British Overseas Airways' routes all over the world were revealed last week by Lord Knollys, the Corporation's chairman, when he described how Britain was aiming to span the world at pre-war fares and to provide for mass travel.

Lord Knollys declared that main trunk lines would be developed to Australia, India (via the Middle East), South Africa, Canada, the Far East.

Meanwhile, in Parliament Mr. Ivor Thomas described to Members how Britain has perfected plans for reopening the civilian routes in Europe, and that from this month there will be three services a day to Paris, two to Brussels, and one to Amsterdam and The Hague. Mr. Thomas also drew attention to the new types of passenger plane now in production, referring to the Vickers Viking, which will be largely used for the shorter European services.

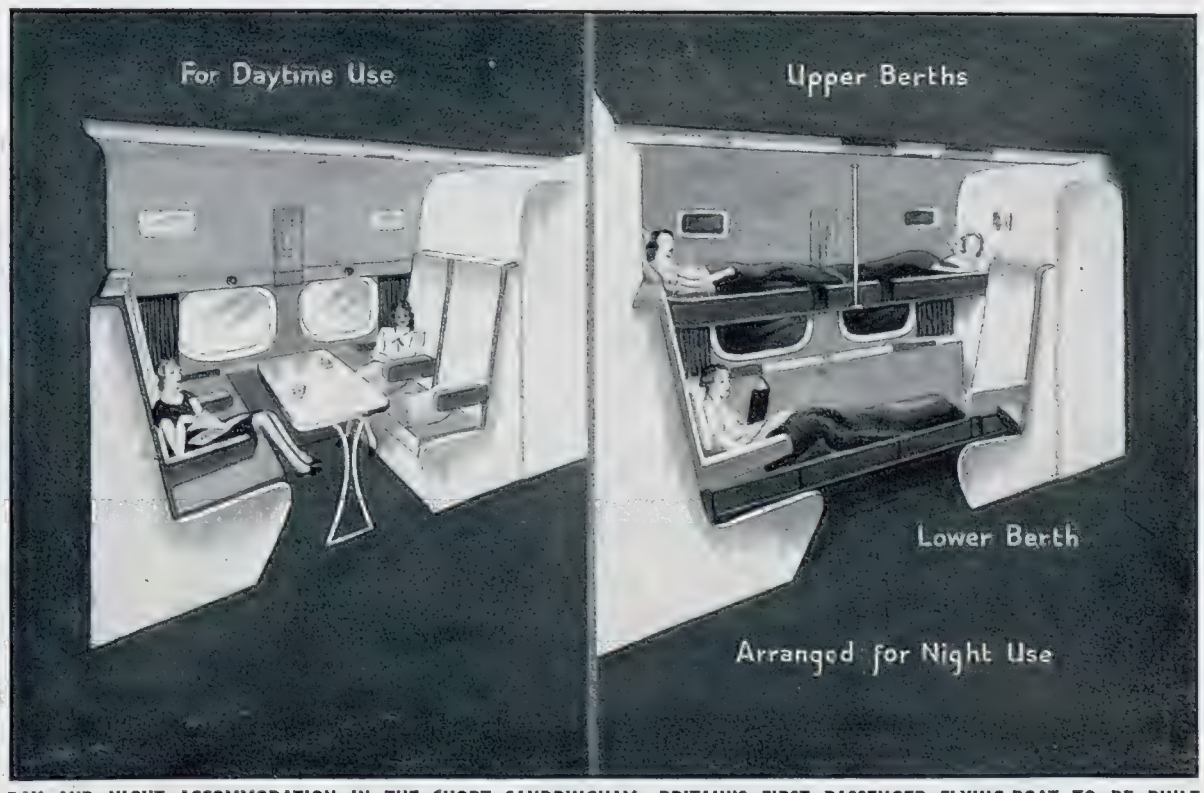
The Viking, which underwent its trials last June, is the medium-sized passenger-carrying aircraft of the very type that is needed for developing these European services, and during the next few months 108 of these will be coming off the production lines at Vickers. A fine example of the smaller passenger-carrier is the Dove, which will be used for the most part on tributary services to the larger air lines.

Below—**HOW THE POST-WAR PASSENGER WILL FARE ON THE SKY ROUTES OF THE WORLD : A typical set-up in a giant air-liner showing a comfortable lounge occupying the upper deck within the fuselage and a bridge game in progress. Below is the sleeping accommodation, converted from day accommodation in the manner widely used on American trains**—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



A KEY TYPE IN BRITAIN'S PLANS FOR CIVIL AVIATION—THE TWIN-ENGINED VICKERS VIKING WHICH WILL BE OPERATING ON OUR CONTINENTAL SERVICES THIS YEAR: The Viking, which seats twenty-one passengers and has a cruising speed of 220 m.p.h., is now in large-scale production in order to fill the urgent need that has arisen for a medium-sized passenger-carrying aircraft on the European routes. Vickers-Armstrongs are turning out this air-liner at the rate of twenty-four a month. The fuselage-space below the floor, running the entire length of the saloon, provides a commodious hold for the carriage of freight

MUCH IN LITTLE—THE DE HAVILLAND DOVE IS ANOTHER ADDITION TO OUR CIVIL FLEET: The forward end of this new eight-passenger air-liner, showing the divan, the high-backed armchairs, and the writing-desk, which are features of the accommodation. The Dove, which was recommended by the Brabazon Committee, is planned for use on feeder or tributary services to the greater air routes and, in due course, may also be sold largely for export abroad



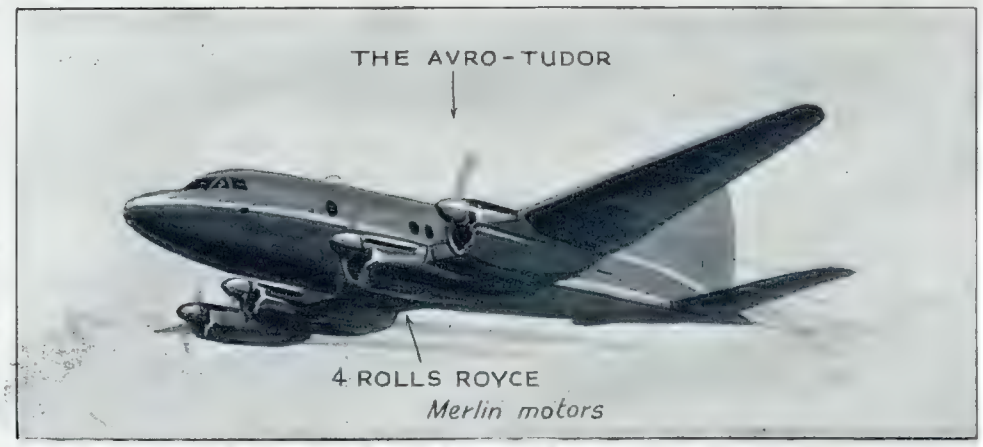
DAY AND NIGHT ACCOMMODATION IN THE SHORT SANDRINGHAM, BRITAIN'S FIRST PASSENGER FLYING-BOAT TO BE BUILT SINCE THE WAR: In this "flying hotel," which was launched at Rochester last November and which will be used largely on the Empire services, there is sleeping-room for sixteen when the seating has been converted into berths. On an upper deck there is a dining saloon, also convertible as sleeping accommodation

THE AVRO TUDOR II TAKES SHAPE—THE MIGHTY FUSELAGE OF THE PROTOTYPE OF OUR LATEST OVERSEA AIR-LINER : The giant machine, which will be fitted with twenty-two sleeping berths, seen under construction at A. V. Roe's factory at Chadderton, near Manchester. At the end of this month the Tudor II will make its first test flight, and then, in swift succession, seventy-nine more planes of the same class will follow each other off the production lines. It is intended primarily for use on the routes to the Commonwealth and to South America

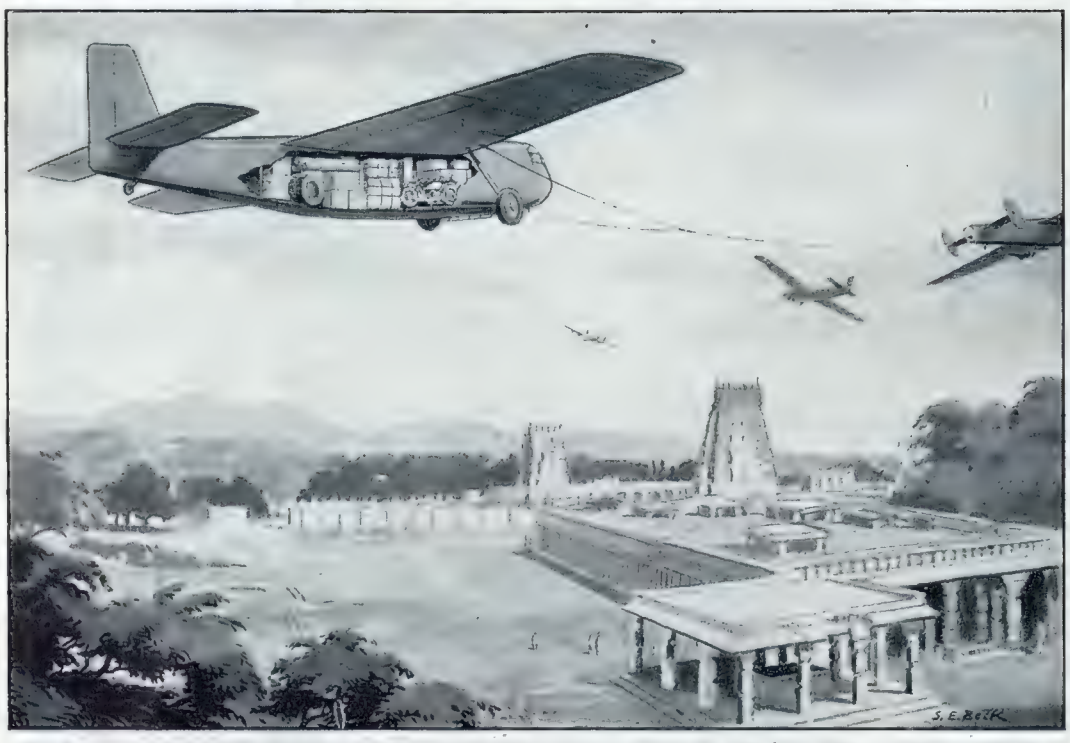
AIR-LINERS for our WORLD NETWORK

Tudor I and Tudor II Have Key Jobs

The Avro Tudor I and the Avro Tudor II, distinct types of air-liner which will be seen respectively on the North Atlantic and South American routes, are typical of the intermediate stage in the development of our commercial aviation, representing civil types based on original plans for combat aircraft. These two models will undoubtedly play a tremendous part during the next two or three years in bringing British passenger services to the forefront by fulfilling the ambitious programme outlined by Lord Knollys, chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. On the North Atlantic route, which will be operated by Avro Tudor I, Lord Knollys plans to begin with a daily service from London to New York and a second to Canada, both calling at Gander, Newfoundland. Later this will be increased to two services a day on each route. Fares will be approximately £100



THE AVRO TUDOR I IN FLIGHT—A NEW AIR-LINER FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC ROUTE : Twenty of these craft, each powered with four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, are being produced by A. V. Roe, and the last of them should be in service by October. The B.O.A.C. plan four transatlantic flights a day at fares under £100. The Tudor I can carry twenty-four passengers on the ocean service, but there is also a twelve-passenger version



THE R.A.F. EXPERIMENTS WITH GLIDERS—A POSSIBLE KEY TO THE FUTURE OF AERIAL CARGO-CARRYING : An artist's impression of the scheme which is now being tried out by Royal Air Force Transport Command. Hamilcar gliders, packed with peacetime freight, are taken in tow by Halifaxes, and it is hoped, stage by stage, to survey the whole route to India with a view to using these gliders on an extensive scale. The Hamilcar has radar equipment, thus enabling pilots to land under conditions of "nil" visibility. Each glider carries an eight-ton load—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

BOARDING A SUNDERLAND IN ROUGH WEATHER : Senora Affra, wife of a Portuguese diplomat, flying to Chungking, is assisted into a Sunderland flying-boat at Poole before the start of her journey. She enters the plane backwards, as in a rough sea this is considered the only safe way to cross from the rocking launch which has brought her from the shore

Above—**MAKING FOR THE GAP : The pilot of the great passenger liner steers his craft towards the open sky, avoiding the threatening cloud formations that have gathered to right and left. Despite scientific progress, weather hazards still dominate the conduct of civil flying**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE WEATHER HAZARDS IN CIVIL FLYING

An Air-Liner Turns Back in Mid-Atlantic

Air travel may now be long past the pioneer stage and, with the whole world about to be linked by flying services, the passenger no longer approaches the air-liner that is to carry him with his mind filled with forebodings of possible disaster. He knows what science has already achieved in making the air lanes safer and the landing-fields readily approachable, but, even so, weather hazards must for long dominate the conduct of civil flying, and a rigid, train-like adherence to time-tables will often be out of the question. Only recently the Transcontinental and Western air-liner, "Constellation," provided a case in point, when she encountered a fierce snowstorm more than halfway across the Atlantic and was forced to return to Rineanna, Ireland, information having been received by radio that no landing would be possible on the Eastern seaboard of America, where the aerodromes were all snowbound

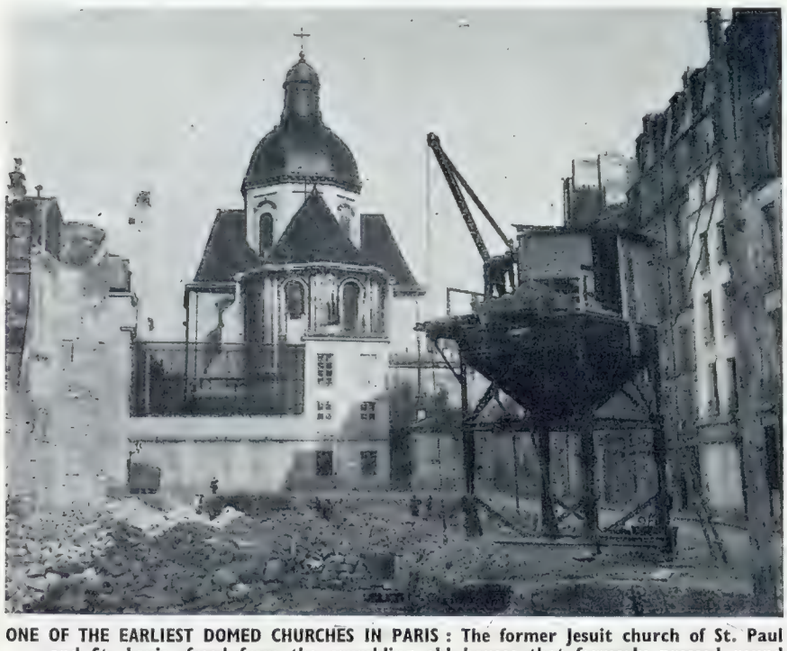
Below—**"CONSTELLATION" TURNS BACK : The Trans-continental and Western air-liner making for Rineanna airport, Ireland, in the midst of a fierce snowstorm which she encountered last month when more than halfway across the Atlantic. The pilot decided to return to Ireland when he learned that all American airports within fuel-range were closed on account of weather conditions**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE PARIS SCENE

What is Going On in the French Capital, Whose Citizens Have Many Difficulties to Face

When Baron Haussmann replanned Paris in the days of Napoleon III, he created the very beautiful city of broad boulevards and open spaces which we know to-day. But at the same time much of the old Paris was left untouched, and in the Hôtel de Ville quarter down by the Ile St. Louis there was a region of unhealthy old houses which, though picturesque enough in appearance, were totally inadequate for modern habitation and were breeding-grounds of disease. Now a large number of those old houses have been pulled down, and on the space that they occupied will be laid out playgrounds and gardens for the enjoyment of the public. At the same time, another beneficial result has been obtained by these demolitions, as a number of historic buildings, which were formerly to a large extent obscured from view, are now seen to much greater advantage, notably the churches of St. Louis and St. Gervais and the historic Hôtel de Sens. St. Gervais has for long been a great show place, and thousands of tourists have flocked to see the scars of 1914-18

DEMOLISHING AN INSALUBRIOUS BUT HISTORIC QUARTER OF OLD PARIS : Playgrounds and gardens will appear in this open space, part of a big area in the Hôtel de Ville district of Paris, close to the banks of the Seine, where the authorities have been carrying out large-scale demolition work. In the background can be seen the historic Hôtel de Sens, which, when the clearance of the surrounding alleys is complete, will stand out as an object of interest to passers-by. The hotel was built in 1500 by Tristan de Salazar, and it was the home of the Archbishops of Sens during the days when they were metropolitans of Paris. It is regarded as one of the finest existing examples of civil architecture belonging to the first quarter of the sixteenth century. At one time the hotel became the home of Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Henry II



ONE OF THE EARLIEST DOMED CHURCHES IN PARIS : The former Jesuit church of St. Paul and St. Louis, freed from the crumbling old houses that formerly pressed round it in the Hôtel de Ville district. It now stands out clearly as a result of the demolition work which has been carried out with a view to clearing what had become a very unhealthy quarter of Paris, rather similar to the Kingsway area in London before the changes at the beginning of the century. The architecture of St. Paul's is inspired by Italian works of the sixteenth century, and it served the Jesuits up to the time of their expulsion in 1767

ST. GERVAIS IS REVEALED FROM A NEW ASPECT : Another result of the demolition work now taking place in the Hôtel de Ville area of Paris. A view looking from the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, showing the famous sixteenth-century church which in its 400 years of history has been the scene of so many dramatic happenings. During the days of the Revolution, St. Gervais was converted into a Temple of Youth and opened for the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason; but in the course of the nineteenth century its old function was restored. During the war of 1914-18 a shell from the German long-range gun "Big Bertha" inflicted the most terrible casualties upon the congregation

On right—Paris this winter has been the scene of a great political ordeal as three parties contending for power have finally sought safety in compromise. So it is with the Parisienne and her love of elegance. She has had to compromise in no uncertain terms as regards the fashions of the day, wearing the clothing most suited to the bitter weather conditions in the streets and the cold that invades every home, where fuel is so pathetically short. To complicate matters still further, rations are shorter than ever, and bread, after being sold freely for a while in 1945, can now only be bought with coupons or on the notorious Black Market

PARIS FASHIONS WITH A UTILITY BIAS: Women lining up to enter the 62nd Exhibition of Art held by the Union of Women Painters and Sculptors. A picture of special interest in that it shows how Parisians in these fuel-less days have had to cast elegance aside, adopting half-length stockings and sturdy shoes in order to keep out the cold and wet on the city pavements

Below—Shortage of fuel has created a shortage of light in Paris, and most of the restaurants and night-clubs have been plunged into darkness for long periods at a time. The "Swing Club," however, had a really bright idea in the circumstances. It did a roaring trade as customers flocked to see the cycling ace, Rinaldo, pedalling his stationary roadster in the middle of the restaurant, and at the same time providing the driving-force for the restaurant's hastily-installed generating plant. Other places of entertainment had to use paraffin lamps or candles, or else close down until the lights went up

A CYCLING CHAMPION KEEPS A NIGHT-CLUB GOING: Guy Rinaldo, a popular favourite in track and road races, pedalling his stationary machine at the Swing Club de Paris. By doing this he kept eight dynamos going and provided both light and publicity for the club. In the first eight days he covered over 1,000 kilometres, and at the moment when this picture was taken he had topped 1,400 kilometres

WAITING FOR THE EVENING CUSTOMERS: A Paris restaurant with candles as its only illumination as a result of one of the periodic black-outs induced by the fuel shortage. Lamps, candles and kerosene are, of course, at a premium these days

PARIS AGAIN A CENTRE FOR ART STUDENTS: M. Edouard McAvoy, instructor at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, gives Mlle. Alice Cassou a criticism of her work. Paris studios are becoming more active these days, and French artists are busily regaining their former position

MODELS FOR THE LIFE CLASS are not so readily available these days in Paris, as the studios are more often than not cold, and the girls can only be asked to pose on the days when there is fuel enough available to light the stove: These students are at work at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, Montparnasse, painting a reclining nude figure. They work in cramped conditions, but, as ever, the artist is willing to endure difficulties in pursuit of his fascinating calling

LONDON NEWS IN PICTURES

And Other Interesting Developments At Home

COLLINS' MUSIC HALL SURVIVES A CRISIS : The celebrated Islington Theatre, where nearly every great variety star has appeared at some time or another, has been bought by Mr. Lew Lake, Jnr., son of a famous Cockney comedian father, and it will carry on as it has done since 1863

AN OLD-TIMER LOOKS BACK : Kate Carney sits in her dressing-room at Collins' Music Hall, Islington. It was here that she made her first appearance at the age of ten. She began with Irish songs

So Collins' Music Hall, Islington, is to survive. This is welcome news indeed for Londoners, and the purchase of the old theatre by Mr. Lew Lake, Jnr., son of the Cockney comedian of the same name, will be widely applauded. Almost every great star of variety has appeared at some time or another at Collins', and among the greatest of them is Kate Carney. She remembers how her mother used to carry her from the dressing-room to the stage, so that she should not soil her white cotton socks, and how she first made a bid for success with Irish songs, only to realise that Cockney audiences wanted to hear her in their own argot. The dressing-rooms at Collins' are still underground and white-washed as they were in the days when Kate was first lifted over the stone floor

TREASURE IN TRANSIT : A van leaving Skipton Castle, Yorkshire, for the British Museum, London, loaded with manuscripts and archives which were sent into the country for safety before the great blitz. Skipton Castle was originally built at the time of the Conqueror. Edward II bestowed it upon the notorious Piers Gaveston. The castle was taken by the Parliamentary forces in 1645, after a desultory siege of three years

PREFABRICATED CITY OFFICES : Amid the rubble of a bombed site in Fenchurch Street, an old-established firm has resumed business, the one-storey block striking a slightly incongruous note amid the desolation around about. A water-tower rises above the centre of the block and skylight ventilation runs along the roof of the building. The vast, open and deserted spaces in the rest of the City are still a depressing sight, particularly in the region of Mark Lane, the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Luftwaffe did its worst during the blitz

UNPOLISHED LENS SECTIONS FOR BUOY LIGHTS AND NAVAL SIGNALLING LAMPS being sorted at a Smethwick factory, Birmingham, where optical and scientific glass is being made in large quantities. During the war the industry not only supplied the tremendous requirements of Great Britain, but exported to foreign countries with considerable benefit to our exchange position. Even before 1939, Hollywood used British lenses when German makes were readily available, and the idea that the Germans were paramount in this industry clearly has no foundation. Some of the craftsmen at this works belong to the fifth generation of glass-blowers

CRACKING OPTICAL GLASS INTO SUITABLE SIZE AND SHAPE : A preparatory process at a Birmingham works, where the raw material is converted into the fine lenses that are now in world-wide demand. The myth that this is an art only properly understood by the Germans has now been exploded

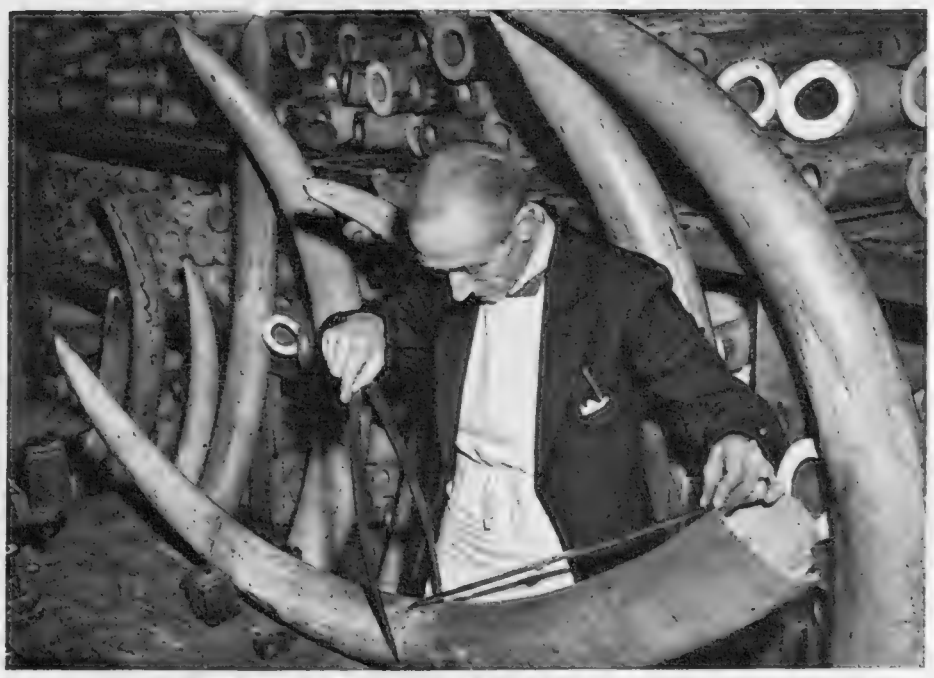
A CLASS IN ROAD SENSE : A police instructor teaching pupils at the Metropolitan Police Motor School, Hendon, some of the finer points of high-speed driving, using a model built-up area for the purpose

HOW TO FORCE A BANDIT CAR INTO THE ROADSIDE : Students at the Police Motor School at Hendon are shown the correct way of dealing with a vehicle after it has been overtaken. The school is doing valuable work in turning out expert drivers for the Force, the men receiving practical driving experience under rodeo conditions, but also theoretical instruction from a team of experts. It is expected in the near future, as part of their training, police teams will be entered for some of the more difficult motor trials, such as the Monte Carlo Rally. Several of the cars now being used for instruction are tuned up to do over 100 m.p.h.

GRASS WILL GROW AGAIN IN LONDON PARKS now that chestnut paling is being brought in to fence off the areas which were used as A.-A. sites and for other purposes during the war : Levelling the old emplacements has been an extensive job, particularly in Hyde Park, where an eight-gun position occupied a large site just to the north of the Serpentine. By springtime the young grass will all but have obscured the scars of war

THE L.P.T.B. LOOKS AHEAD : An interior view of the experimental car designed by the London Passenger Transport Board with a view to testing its suitability on the Aldgate-Amersham or Aldgate-Watford routes. The car, which has been on view at Baker Street, consists of three compartments with a through corridor, and each compartment has two 4 ft. 6 in. doorways. The doors are air-operated under the control of the guard, and the seats are all centrally situated and well-upholstered. Above the seats are spacious luggage racks. The public reaction to this new lay-out will be watched with care, and the L.P.T.B. will take note of any suggestions put forward. Compartments have fluorescent lighting and a number of other up-to-date features. The outstanding point in favour of the new arrangement is the ease of access provided for the passengers

"MONARCH EARNS HIS KEEP" : Mrs. G. H. Guise, of Laverstock Green, Herts, at work with her spinning-wheel on which she spins into skeins the silky hair of her dog Monarch. The preparation and spinning of dog's hair is a long job, and a whole day is needed to spin sufficient wool to make a man's pullover ; but in this time of clothing coupons Mrs. Guise finds it well worth while and, as for Monarch, he seems to have no objection. He is a Keeshond puppy, eight months old, and of most equable temperament



AFRICAN IVORY ON THE LONDON MARKET : Mr. A. Wall measuring an elephant tusk before it is cut into suitable lengths for auction. The scene at a big London warehouse after a shipload of ivory had arrived, marking a resumption of our trade with West Africa in this valuable commodity. Much of the ivory will be made into brushes and other articles, which will figure in our export-trade list, helping to bring us valuable exchange at a time when Britain has need of every penny she can secure. British ivory workers are among the most skilled in the world, and ivory, which fetches 10 or 11 shillings per lb. in the raw, is fashioned to obtain many times that value

TREASURES OF GRECIAN ART

Rare Sculpture, Painting, and Ceramics in the Forthcoming Royal Academy Memorial Exhibition

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY IN MARBLE: This statue of Hermes, lent by H. Clifford Smith, is one of the most remarkable exhibits at the Exhibition of Greek Art which is to open at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, on February 15. It appears that when the figure was being carved it became badly cracked across the neck and back, and for this reason the sculptor probably gave up his project, leaving for posterity evidence of his technique. Holes are drilled closely up the side of the right leg and also down part of the thigh, in readiness for the moment when the artist detaches the adjacent marble. A large block round the head was also half-prepared for removal

THE SMILING FACE OF APHRODITE: A small but superb head of the Greek goddess of Love dating from about the year 300 B.C. It is one of the most beautiful examples of ancient sculpture at the Exhibition of Greek Art at Burlington House, and it has been lent for the occasion by Lord Melchett. The exhibition is promoted by the National Association of Hellenes in Great Britain as a tribute to Allied troops who fought in Greece and in Grecian waters

EXQUISITE IN ITS PORTRAYAL OF GREEK FEMININITY, this head of Aphrodite has been lent to Burlington House by Sir Eric Maclagan. A delicate half-smile plays on her features, and the beauty of the whole sculpture is only partly marred by the damage to the nose and chin. The hair is most elaborately dressed

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR PORTRAITURE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: These two paintings of widely-differing date are included in the exhibition because they both contain features reminiscent of the work of El Greco, thus supporting the theory that the Cretan-born painter did draw at least some of his inspiration from Greece—not, as is commonly supposed, from Italy and Spain, the land of his adoption. The painting on the left, showing a half-length figure of Christ, dates from about A.D. 1100 and is of Byzantine origin, while "The Portrait of a Girl" (right) was painted about 1590, but in both there is evidence of the El Greco manner, the heads and hands being long and thin, and the eyes closely set

So rich and varied are the treasures of Greek art in this country that it is proving possible to hold an exhibition, covering the period from 3000 B.C. to the present day, without having to undertake the at present very difficult task of transporting works from overseas. The exhibition opens at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, on February 15, and it is being promoted by the National Association of Hellenes in Great Britain as a tribute to men of Greece, Britain and the Dominions who fought and died in Greece and in the Greek seas. Planning and direction are in the hands of Mr. Charles Seltman, of Queens' College, Cambridge, and he has found the public most generous in offering to loan their possessions. The King is lending some pictures from Windsor, the work of a little-known artist, Panagiotis Zographos. They have lain in the Castle Library since Lord Palmerston presented them to Queen Victoria, and they have never before been exhibited

WAS THIS STATUETTE OF APHRODITE CARVED BY THE HAND OF PRAXITELES? This fine Parian marble head, now in the private possession of Lord Leconfield at Petworth, and loaned to the Greek Art Exhibition, is possibly the work of the greatest of the Hellenic sculptors. The soft, reddish tint of the marble adds greatly to its beauty, and the hair, parted in the middle, runs away in waving layers that are full of motion. Part of the nose and lips have been repaired

HERCULES WRESTLING WITH A LION: A dramatically-adorned hydria, or Greek water-carrying vessel. The figures are in black over a buff or red panel, while the rest of the vase is a glossy black. The vase has three side-handles, the largest of which cannot be seen. Athena, bearing a circular shield, stands to the right of the struggling figures, while there are running panels above and below showing deer and other wild game. The hydria has been loaned by Norwich Castle Museum

SHE DWELT 3,400 YEARS BEFORE THE VICTORIAN AGE, but the tight-fitting bodice and flounced skirt of this Cretan female figure are very Victorian in aspect. The statuette, which has been lent by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, came to light during recent excavations in Crete, where the palaces of King Minos were revealed. "The figure's artistic qualities are self-evident in physical beauty, æsthetic feeling, and technical skill," writes A. J. B. Wace, "while the poise and attitude are superb. The contrast between the formalism of the dress and the lifelike modelling of the arms and breasts indicates that such a figure is the outcome of long centuries of apprenticeship in the plastic arts." The statuette appears to be made in two pieces, joining at the waist just above the apron. The whole figure is cut in a delicately-tinted marble, with no faience colour-work about it

LET US PRAISE THE W.V.S.

The Number of Their Good-Samaritan Acts is Legion, and Their Work Still Goes On in Every Part of the Land

By CHARLES GRAVES

FORMED in June 1938, the Women's Voluntary Services are busier than ever. No demobilisation for them. While newspapers print daily accounts of "strikes" of troops in various parts of the world because of the slowness of demobilisation, the W.V.S. continue their multifarious jobs for twenty-two different Ministries.

On VE-Day there were over 1,000,000 of them. To-day perhaps a quarter of that number have temporarily retired to prepare the homes and run the houses of their returning relatives. The majority of them are over fifty; a considerable percentage are over sixty. Aunts, grandmothers, great-aunts form the bulk of their numbers.

In the last eighteen months they have knitted 100 tons of wool and sorted 14,000,000 buttons. They organise garment exchanges for children who have outgrown their clothes, thus saving coupons. They collect books for the Forces. They distribute blankets from the Argentine, rugs from India, enamelware from Canada, every kind of household requirement for their re-homing scheme. They have persuaded county towns which never saw a bomb dropped in anger to "adopt" blitzed London boroughs and to send anything from carpets to china dogs. They have persuaded other country folk to send plants and seeds to grow in the bare patches round the prefabricated houses now slowly appearing in various parts of London.

They arranged for milk bottles and nappies at Waterloo, Tidworth and Bournemouth for the infants of G.I. brides on their way through to the United States. They run a mothercraft hostel in Holland Park where babies—many of them fatherless—come for six weeks with their mothers. They arrange sight-seeing tours for the delegates to U.N.O.

They take a hand in the rehabilitation of officers and men of the three fighting Services. Seven hundred of them have gone overseas to do welfare work for N.A.A.F.I. They organise nurseries where young couples just out of the Services can park their children while they go shopping or look for jobs. They do voluntary domestic work in all the hospitals—from potato-peeling upwards. They escort old ladies and blind people or returned prisoners of war across London. They collect black-out materials to send to liberated Europe. They organise three-day housing courses, at which all the delays in the Governmental plans for rebuilding are explained.

Last week they opened Wyndham House, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where children who have been suffering from chest trouble and have partially recovered in hospital are sent for weeks at a time to become normal before returning home. (This enterprise will prove of considerable medical interest, for it will be the first time that any proper statistics on the subject of convalescent tubercular children will be available.)

When the refugees from Alderney, in the Channel Islands, returned after six years, they found that an advance guard of W.V.S. had arranged a transit camp and all food facilities for them. When the repatriates from the Dutch East Indies arrived recently at Southampton en route for Holland, it was the W.V.S. who provided them with warm clothing, tea and other comforts which no one else had thought of providing.

It was the W.V.S. who took care of all the billeting for the American troops of both sexes who were allowed to come over here in their thousands to study their former or future occupations in this country—shopwalkers, librarians, nurses, butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers. Nor was this an easy job. The W.V.S. were never told in advance either the sex or the colour of the billetees. Much tact was therefore necessary.

When Dutch children and French children were brought to this country shortly after VE-Day, it was the W.V.S. who took care of them.

Now they are arranging old people's homes at Lowestoft and Ipswich and elsewhere, where elderly people can lead private lives possessing their own furniture, and paying a maximum of 2½ guineas a week.

They have returned 4,000,000 garments to the U.S. authorities for European refugees. They have sold as many as 1,000,000 pies a month to agricultural workers in the fields at the local prices. They have sent out mobile canteens to London suburbs with orange-juice and cod-liver oil for infants whose mothers have never bothered to go to the Food Office. They have organised at Oxford a service for looking after children when the parents are sick, and emergency hospital-car services all over London.

No wonder that the Cabinet has recently invited the W.V.S. to remain in existence for another two years. No wonder that a circular is, at this minute, going out to local authorities all over the country, requesting them to continue to provide accommodation, even if it is alternative, for the W.V.S. in their neighbourhood.

One of the greatest boons to the public, and particularly to war workers, were the British Restaurants. Many of them showed large profits, and ignorant persons asked why regular catering establishments could not provide meals at such cheap prices. The fact that the W.V.S. are no longer able to staff the bulk of these establishments supplies the reason why so many British Restaurants are now closing down completely and others are showing heavy losses.

In all business, catering or otherwise, the wages of the staff is a major consideration. Any restaurant can supply good, substantial food at cut rates if no wages have to be paid, and of the 1,000,000 workers in the W.V.S., only 150 receive any payment; and even they are temporary clerical Civil Servants in the vast majority of cases.

It says much for the W.V.S. that they were formed during a Conservative Government, served under a Coalition Government, and continue to do their stuff under a Socialist Government, in spite of the fact that their selflessness is almost entirely conservative.

It always used to be said that it was impossible to organise anything on a voluntary part-time basis. And yet 99·5 per cent. of the W.V.S. work exactly on this arrangement. The secret of the success of the W.V.S. lies in the system of getting people for jobs, instead of jobs for people. In other words, anybody can do something pretty well, and it is merely a question of patience to discover what it is that she can do well.

What the future will bring is hard to tell. The majority of the W.V.S. are elderly and frankly worn out. Many of them, too, find that they are once again tied by family commitments. If they are to continue in the good work of being charwomen of every Government department incapable of organising its own welfare scheme, it will be necessary for younger people to be recruited.

A glance at the detailed list of the latest bulletin of the W.V.S. activities shows an astonishing number of Good Samaritan acts. In Hornsey they are reading to the blind inmates of a hospital. In Berwick they are giving weekly demonstrations on cookery and dressmaking. In Preston they are providing tea and refreshments for repatriated prisoners of war waiting for medical examination. And all over the country, when aircraft crash in populated areas, the local W.V.S. provide tea and sandwiches for the homeless and the men of the various services dealing with the disaster.

Billeting has always been a priority job for the W.V.S. Evacuees come and go, and wherever they come and wherever they go, it is the W.V.S. who have made the arrangements on the spot. During the war years, and particularly during the blitz, they built up the volunteer car-pool in which women drivers, always on call, responded magnificently in all the bombed areas from Liverpool to Plymouth and from Portsmouth and London to Hull. When bombing became acute, Incident Enquiry bureaux to supply information about casualties to relatives—especially those serving overseas—saved an immense amount of anxiety.

Assistance in the blood-transfusion campaign, regional toy-making schemes, help with diphtheria immunisation, welfare work in public air-raid shelters, the care of evacuees from Gibraltar and the recruitment of women for water decontamination were only a few of the jobs that they did for the Ministry of Health. The Admiralty called on them for their fresh vegetables scheme for minesweepers and hospitality for W.R.N.S. The War Office was largely dependent on them for the provision of libraries and mending schemes. (The W.V.S. were the official sock-darners to the Army.)

And so it goes with practically every Ministry in Whitehall or out of it. Jam-making and the collection of rose-hips are two of the least important jobs for the Ministry of Food. The garnishing of camouflage nets for the Ministry of Supply was another task. The Queen's Messengers—mobile food convoys consisting of thirteen vehicles and capable of giving a hot, two-course meal to 7,000 people a day—were also staffed by the W.V.S.

It would appear that there has been no part of the daily life of the country in which the W.V.S. have not participated. How long will they continue after what they have called their two-years' reprieve? Some of the voluntary societies might absorb a few of them, but these women are not charity workers. They are the ordinary working women of our towns and villages who have somehow managed to lend a helping hand to their neighbours in distress.

The W.V.S. is still prepared to take recruits from all sources—girls from college, youngsters from youth clubs, and redundant factory workers. They can all be found useful and interesting jobs in the W.V.S., but will they be able to afford it? It is all very well for the Cabinet to decide to continue the organisation, but will the enthusiasm remain when what glamour there was in war work has died completely?

MEALS ON WHEELS IS THE PLAN IN CHELSEA: Red Cross workers loading up the mobile canteen which is being used to carry hot dinners to aged and sick people in the Borough. The scheme has been inaugurated by Chelsea's Mayor, Alderman Thesiger, and twice a week thirty-four people are served in their own homes with a two-course meal at a cost of 8d. each. After dinner the dishes are collected and washed

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE: A Red Cross mobile canteen worker serves dinner to Mrs. Taylor, who is sixty-nine years of age and a cripple, as she sits by her own fireside in Chelsea. The W.V.S. are also co-operating in this work, which is proving a great boon to some of the older people in the Borough

THE PEARL-MAKER OF AGO BAY

Kokichi Mikimoto and His Profitable Calling

In the Bay of Ago, Miye Prefecture, Japan, is one of the great oyster-beds owned by Kokichi Mikimoto, the eighty-seven-year-old "Pearl King" of Japan and probably the world's most outstanding authority on artificial-pearl culture. With the assistance of younger members of his family, Mikimoto still takes an active part in the industry, which owes its inception largely to his pioneering and development over the past fifty years.

In the early days Mikimoto only succeeded in producing semi-spherical cultured pearls, and it took him over twenty years of further experimentation before he coaxed his oysters to form perfectly-rounded specimens, almost equal in lustre, size and colour to the finest natural pearls.

In succeeding years Mikimoto learnt how to increase and improve production, with the result that to-day he holds no fewer than seventeen patents for varying processes of culture. At present he has 10,000 pearl oysters under cultivation, each of these taking eight years to produce its treasure.

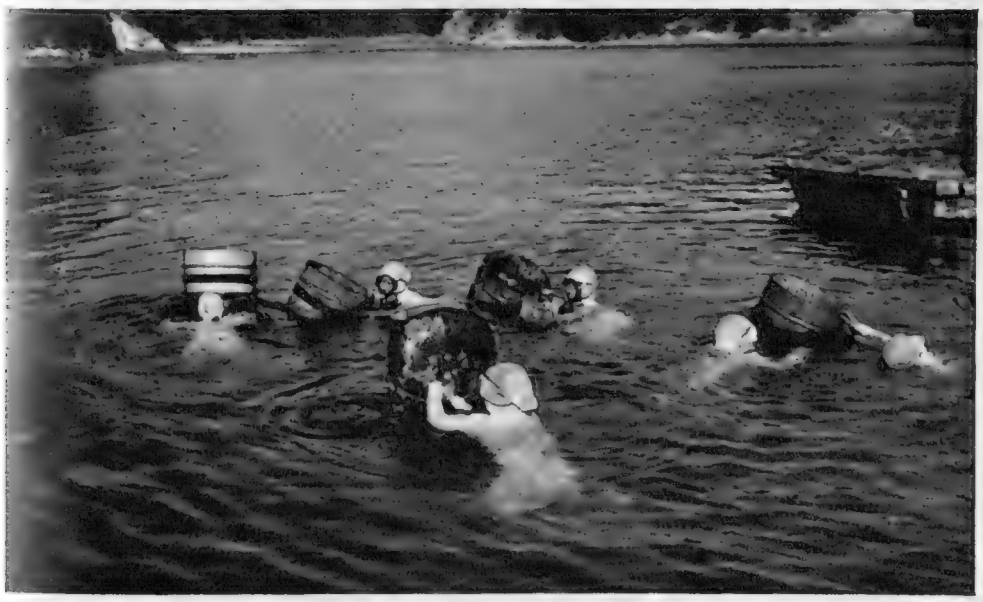
AN IRRITANT FOR THE OYSTER: Kokichi Mikimoto, the eighty-seven-year-old "Pearl King" of Japan, performs the basic operation which will cause the oyster to secrete a pearl. He inserts a small piece of living tissue from another oyster, followed by a small round pellet of mother-of-pearl obtained from Mississippi clam shells. At this stage the oyster is three years old, and after the operation it is returned to the culture cage for another five years, thus taking eight years in all to produce a cultured pearl. Mikimoto has invented seventeen basic processes of pearl culture

THE PRIZE OF INTENSIVE CULTURE: Kokichi Mikimoto and his brother-in-law, who manages the Mikimoto Pearl Culture interests, seen with their prize string of culture pearls valued at over £70,000

A FORTUNE IN CULTURED PEARLS is arrayed on this table, at which the girls grade and string them. It has taken an oyster eight years to produce each one of these pearls

THE CULTURE BEDS OF THE MIKIMOTO ESTATE: In each wire basket are cultivated about fifty oysters. Several times a year they are hauled up so that seaweed and barnacles, which fasten themselves to the shells and thereby hinder development of the oysters, may be scraped off. The beds are situated in the Bay of Ago, Miye Prefecture

GIRL PEARL-DIVERS OF AGO BAY: Displaying tubs of oysters which have just been recovered from the waters of the bay, and are deemed suitable for pearl cultivation in the special beds. The oysters have first to be operated on to create the irritant which leads to the formation of the pearl



DIVING FOR OYSTERS IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF THE BAY OF AGO: While the oyster tubs float on the water, the girls go beneath the surface to scoop up the oysters, which, if large enough, are then transferred to the culture beds. Japanese women make better divers than men, as it is found that they withstand immersion well. In the summer they work in two-hour shifts, but in the winter they only dive in five-minute spells

THE FINISHED PEARL IS HARVESTED: Five years after the foreign matter has been planted in the shell, the oyster yields up the result of its labours. A small round pellet of mother-of-pearl is the basis of the cultured pearl, and this is inserted in the oyster when it is three years old

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AN AUDIENCE FOR THE FIGHTING MAN

If He has a Story to Tell, He will Always Find Readers, Despite the Reaction Against War Books

THE reading public is popularly supposed to be reacting against a surfeit of war books. In so far as the records of war correspondents and the peripatetic professionals are concerned, this is probably true, but the fighting man with a story to tell will always command an audience, and if he is as dexterous with his pen as Captain George Millar, D.S.O., M.C., then he is certain of a very wide interest. The Book Society are to be congratulated on their current choice, HORNED PIGEON (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). This is described as a record of adventure; and it certainly underscores the old copybook proverb about truth being stranger than fiction.

Captain Millar's *Maquis* was packed with enough adventures and thrills to have been singled out for special attention. *Horned Pigeon* leaves off where *Maquis* began, and, in it, the author takes up his personal story from the emotional moment when he takes his farewell of a young wife on his departure for North Africa. While on patrol in the Western Desert he was taken prisoner and carted off to a personal interview with Rommel.

THE AUTHOR OF "FONTAMARA" PAYS A VISIT TO ENGLAND: Ignazio Silone, the Italian novelist, seen with his Irish-born wife after their recent arrival in London. Silone, whose story of an Italian town under Fascist misrule was one of the publishing successes of the war years, has spent a great part of his life in Switzerland, an exile from Mussolini's Italy. Now he has made his home in Italy again, and he edits the Socialist daily paper, "Avanti," a journal which, thirty years ago, was produced by Mussolini himself

Of his treatment at the hands of the Germans he has no complaint, but the story continues on a less pleasant note from the moment he is handed over to the Italians.

In some quarters there is a tendency to let the Italians down lightly, and even to sympathise with them in what is sometimes described as their betrayal by their leaders. If anybody wants to assess the Italian character at its worst, let them study this record of those miserable, tinsel braggarts flown with the insolence of temporary victory.

This exciting record is lit by the author's swift and unerring gift for descriptive action, in his ability to make a host of minor characters into living individuals in a sentence, and in his certain grasp of the technique of his narrative. If, in personal matters, he is lacking in reticence, and if occasionally there are egoistical lapses, who among his readers will deny that the story is the better illuminated for it. With these two books, Captain Millar is assured of a successful future.

I have read two books by Mr. Bernard Newman this week; the first a record of his travels around Britain in 1944, when he was lecturing at the request of the Ministry of Information; the second, a spy story described as a comedy thriller, and dealing with the activities of one Papa Pontivy, the international spy-catcher, familiar to some readers from previous books. Both his prolific output, and the fact that he toured the British Isles, from the Orkneys to the Scillies on a bicycle, prove Mr. Newman a man of initiative and endurance. His espionage novel proves him to be a good tale-teller, and his travel book, a man of retentive memory. Neither proves him to be a stylist.

BRITISH JOURNEY (Robert Hale. 15s.) has its chief value in being a contemporary record, set down without too many philosophical or political deductions, and having considerable freshness as a result of this "snapshot" manner. As the American writer, Mr. Upton Sinclair, said to the author, "The social historian studying events is always vitally concerned with what people thought *at the time*." It is that day-to-day reaction of the people to whom he spoke in factories, camps and schools, the spontaneous, unconsidered, often necessarily superficial responses, that Mr. Newman has given the reader here.

In a Deeside factory, for instance, a Trade Union leader was explaining that the people were very conscious Trade Unionists, but always voted Tory. "Why?" asked the author. "Nobody knows," was the answer. "It must be the effect of the beer."

In Yorkshire, on one occasion, Mr. Newman was to speak to a Sunday afternoon brotherhood; the chairman, in his opening prayer, said: "And, Lord, bless our speaker, of whom Thou hast doubtless heard."

Out of more than 2,000 lecture engagements since the beginning of the war, Mr. Newman missed only three. One, from being fogbound; one from being snowbound, and one through a blitz that disorganised railways. In camp lectures, where the men might have been paraded for the purpose and consequently unenthusiastic, Mr. Newman's practice was to ask them to listen for ten minutes and then to give them a chance of leaving if they weren't interested. He writes that a Field-Marshal's method was even more direct: "Now, two minutes for coughing, then all stop."

A discursive, entertaining book which seems to touch on everything from Communism to planetariums, and from weaving to ventriloquism.

In the course of his *British Journey*, Mr. Newman writes that a schoolmaster remarked to him that boys did not want old-style thrillers, with their artificial situations, but something more true to life, and more expressive of our own stirring times. In THE SPY IN THE BROWN DERBY (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) it is evidently just that type of thriller at which he has aimed; California in 1944, with the Germans cracking in Europe, the Japanese menace still grave in the East, and espionage and counter-espionage flourishing in the orange-groves, the film studios and the radio stations.

There have been other books in this series about Papa Pontivy, that elderly but incisive character from the Paris *Sûreté*, at present working with the F.B.I. in the United States. With him, as before, is the author, metamorphosed into "Spy" Newman, with a long and brilliant record of Intelligence work behind, and some very tight corners ahead of him, before he finally roots out and destroys the biggest German spy organisation of all, which operates with the Japanese in Californian coast waters.

This is a well-constructed, fast-moving story, and no less credible, I imagine, than the actual doings of spies during the war years, some of which true cases are quoted in the course of the story to emphasise just that parallel.

While I don't agree completely with the schoolmaster—only last week I saw a Fifth Former absorbed in *Uncle Silas*—I can see that this kind of story has a wide appeal. I found it diverting, myself. But I still remember, and with equal appreciation, the books of a writer known as William Le Queux.

I suppose the word colourful could never be used more justly in literary appreciation than in referring to any of Mr. George R. Preedy's books, in which nearly every paragraph evokes an almost tangible scene.

NIGHTCAP AND PLUME (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.) is no exception. In fact, I never knew Mr. Preedy more aware of the material effects his writing could create. The novel, the author warns us sternly, is to be read as fiction, and has no pretence to be dramatised history or biography. It is, nevertheless, a version of the brilliant and tragic life of Gustaf III of Sweden, who began his reign with only nominal powers of kingship and, by a bloodless revolution, acquired absolute authority over his country.

Gustaf had lived for some time before his accession in France, where the elegance and wit of Versailles in the late eighteenth century, and the new teachings of M. Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, had together roused in him a profound desire to assure that his own country could benefit from them. In himself, these influences combined to make a man of liberal thought, and of some accomplishment in the arts of music and letters. But his great achievement was purely political: throughout his reign he devoted every energy and devised and carried out every stratagem to ensure that Sweden should have peace.

His marriage with a dull and timid Danish princess was a tragic failure, although she bore him one sickly son; his own friendships were few, since those about him were more influenced by political purpose than by affection, and he never knew a true comrade who was also a devoted personal companion. Mr. Preedy writes with all the gusto which we expect from him, and he has made a good case for his peace-loving hero.

A small red volume with the title of *Logic—Deductive and Inductive*, is one of the clearest memories of my early childhood, since it was rather unsuitably kept on the nursery bookshelf. It had very little effect on me then or now, but I sometimes wonder whether it has not been the favourite reading of such a writer of detective stories as Mr. John Rhode, whose new book, THE LAKE HOUSE (Bles. 8s. 6d.), is a study in the art of reasoning which might appeal to the most polemically-minded.

Mr. Rhode's inclination is seldom towards the dripping dagger or the scream in the night, but to the orderly processes of thought by which the law may pursue the lawless.

OUTSIZE IN SEA-HORSES—A NOTABLE ACQUISITION AT SYDNEY'S TARONGA PARK AQUARIUM: The large sea-horses in the foreground, each double the size of their smaller, black brethren, were recently caught at Balmoral, on the coast of New South Wales, and are now attracting much attention among visitors to Taronga. At birth sea-horses are only about a quarter of an inch long, and they are kept in the male's pouch until they can fend for themselves

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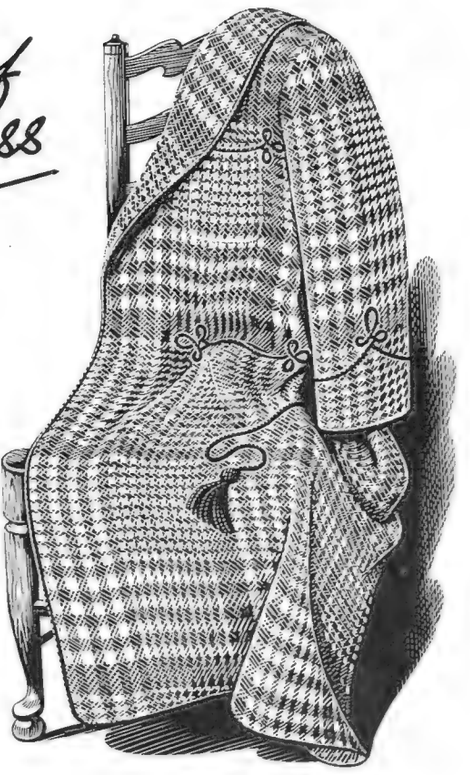

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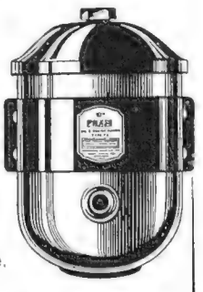

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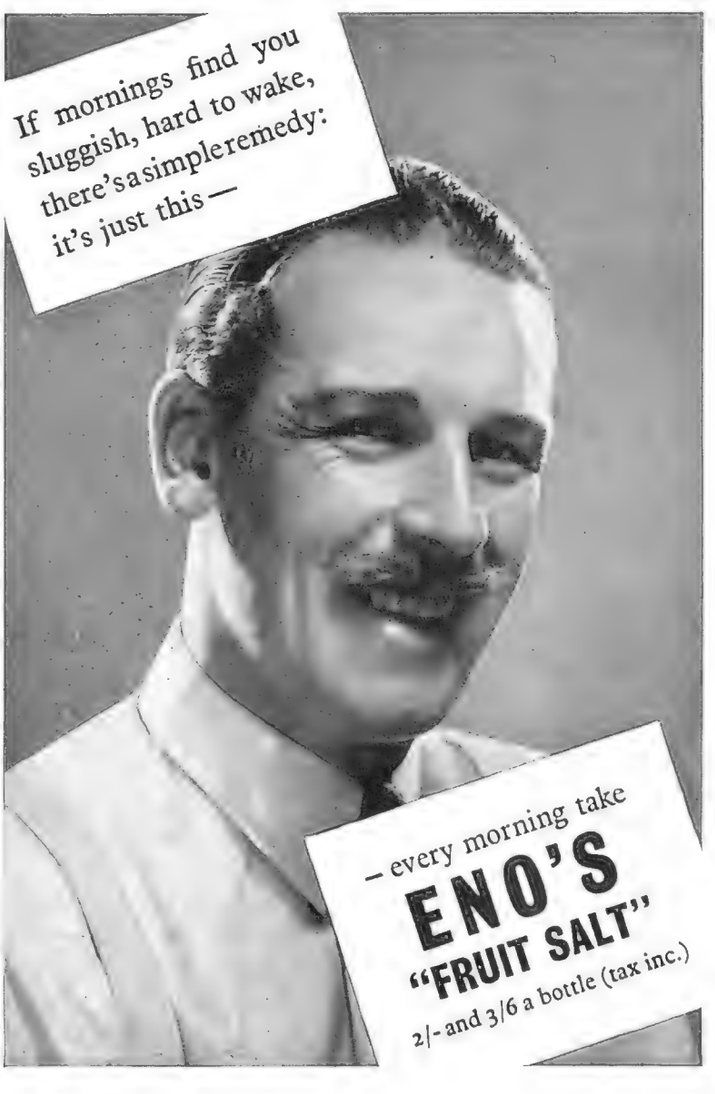

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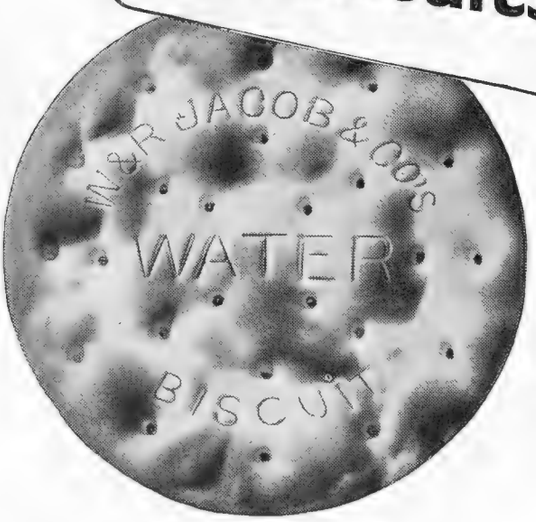

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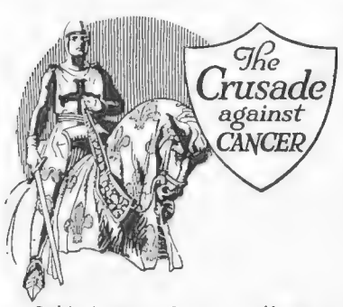

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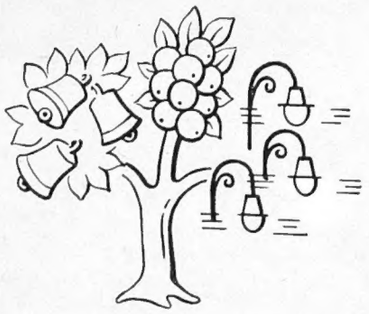

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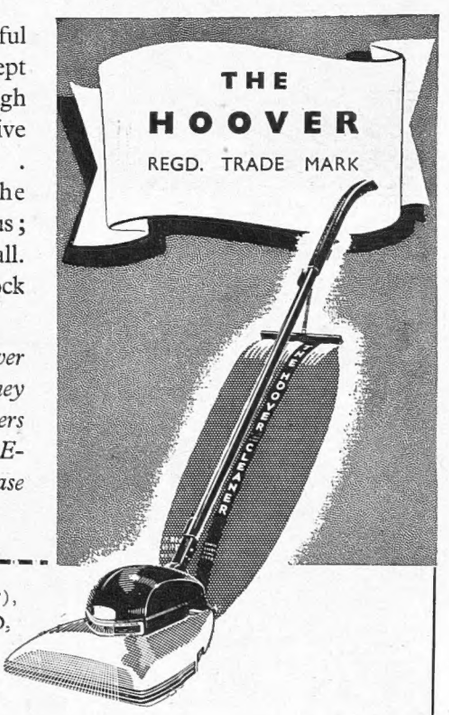

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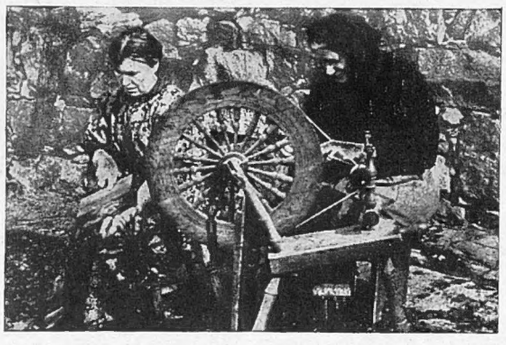

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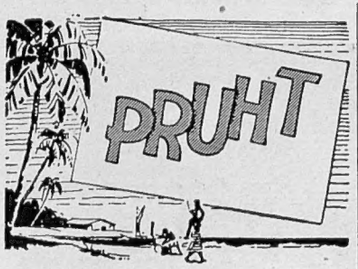

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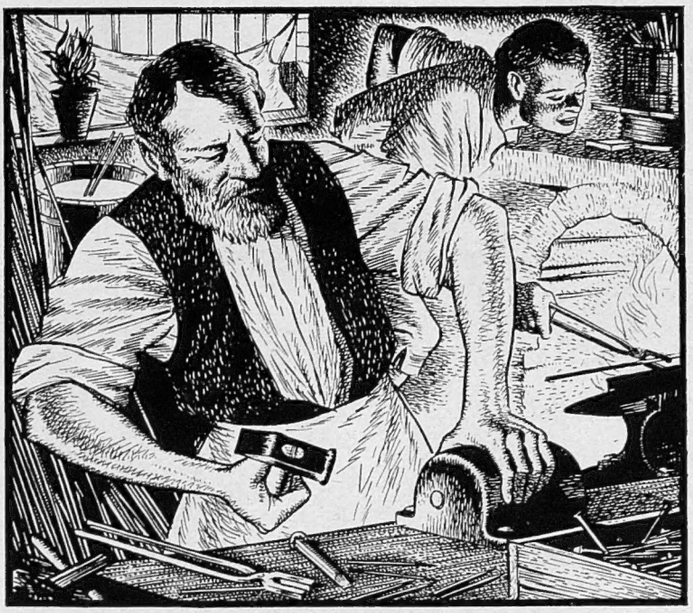

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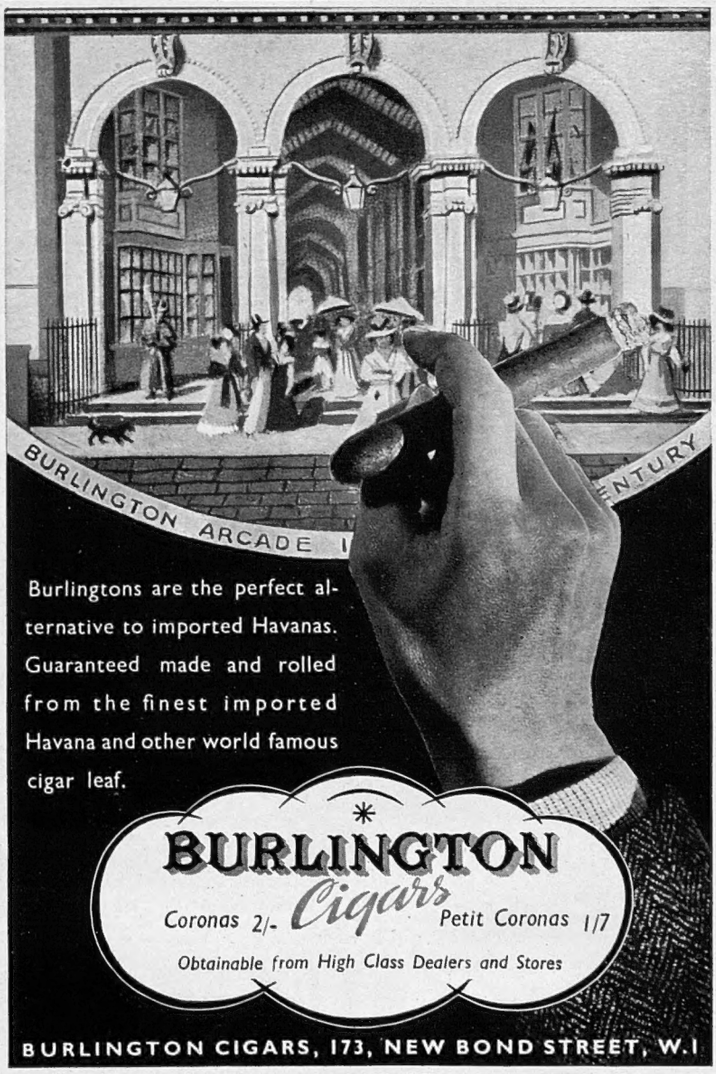

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